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# NEW HOPE IN THE CAUCASUS

*Life was merely death during the last  
Tsarist days, but things are different now*

Tremendous changes have come over the Caucasus since the Revolution and the wars of intervention. In Tsarist days the aim of Moscow was to keep these outlying colonies in a perpetual state of internal strife. One side would be set against another, so that they wasted all their energies fighting each other instead of uniting to combat Tsarist exploitation and oppression. My chauffeur in Yerevan, on a fairly recent visit to the Caucasus, explained it in this way:

"You ask me, are things better than they were? There is no comparison. Previously there was always fighting between the Turks, the Georgians and ourselves, the Armenians. I saw my own father shot down in the street in fighting before the Revolution. You see, I am quite young, but already I have white hairs. But never mind. It is all peaceful now and our troubles are over. Never in the history of Armenia have things been so good, and they will be better yet."

The secret of Moscow's success in bringing peace to the Caucasus has been the economic development of the country in the interests of the inhabitants. Whereas formerly these forty-five different nationalities fought each other for their existence, to-day they co-operate for the common good. A few years ago an American friend of mine visited a Cossack village in

the Caucasus. He asked his host, a fine old man, what sort of people lived in a village which they could see across the valley?

"Kobardino-Balkarians," replied the old man with a fierce look. "They are a wild lot of barbarians. It is more than a man's life is worth to go amongst them. Several of our men have been over there in recent years, and we have never seen them again."

Doubtless the Kobardino-Balkarians told similar tales of the Cossacks. Yet to-day the people from those two villages work side by side on the same collective farm. They still carry weapons, but they never use them. They are part of their national costumes.

Azerbaijan, with Baku for its capital, is one of the richest oil-producing regions in the world. Before the Revolution this oil was exploited by foreign interests and little of the benefits or profits went to the inhabitants. To-day the Azerbaijan people own the oil wells and refineries themselves, running them in the interests of the whole country. Trade unions help to fix wages; they run all the social services and are largely responsible for new housing, schools, clubs, hospitals, etc., which are built out of profits from the oil.

Armenians, persecuted by one and all in the Caucasus for so many years, have been flocking back to Soviet Armenia for some

years. Many new villages, especially around Yerevan, have been built to accommodate them, but so great was the influx that it had to be controlled and stemmed until housing was available.

Yerevan, I was told, was being built, not rebuilt, and this was almost literally true. Fine modern blocks of flats, theatres, clubs and offices were rising that bore no relation to the former primitive hovels. The population was already five times what it had been in 1914.

Economic development has made enormous strides in the Caucasus. Irrigation has created vast new areas of cultivation. The Ararat Valley, formerly desert, now produces cotton in large quantities. One irrigation scheme alone, from Lake Sevan, is turning many hundreds of square miles of semi-desert into rich, green farmland. Around Batumi, a place of heavy rainfall, the opposite is taking place. Dangerous swamps have been drained and are now covered with groves of citrus fruits. Upon the hillside we drove for miles through endless tea plantations where a few years before had been only a tangle of sub-tropical forest.

The effect of all this development on the people can well be imagined. They are working for themselves, reaping the benefits from their toil, and they are life becoming better each year. They are not ruled by Moscow as in former days. Each of the nationalities has autonomy. The larger ones, such as Georgia, Azerbaijan and Armenia, are full Soviet Republics, others form autonomous regions and smaller divisions.

Collectivisation was introduced slowly and carefully. These strongly individualistic people could not be forced together rapidly. But gradually, as a few collective farms got under way, those outside them saw how much better off were their friends inside the "kolkhozes," how quickly they were able to build better houses, eat more and better food, work more easily with machinery and good animals. Collectivisation "took on" rapidly, so that to-day there can be few peasants who still work individually.

Education was introduced at once after the Revolution, in the native languages, and with it went a great movement for the fostering and revival of native culture. In Tsarist days at least 90 per cent of the Caucasian people were illiterate. Today, every village has its new school. Technical schools and colleges are to be found in all the larger towns; Tiflis has a whole new University Centre with accommodation for thousands of students. Both young and old have been learning. I spoke to Armenian boys and girls in a park in Yerevan who were doing homework in the quiet study corner. They were writing in Armenian, and told me they were learning Russian as their first foreign language. In many places I saw elderly people sedulously reading and writing, sitting on their doorsteps or on benches in the parks. The native theatre, dancing, singing and art are highly developed and completely undisturbed.

The Georgian Military Highway, which runs from the North Caucasian to Tiflis, over the mount-

tain, used to be like the Khyber Pass in India. Caravans and travellers were constantly attacked by robbers and bandits. Fierce bands of armed peasants would swoop down from the walled and fortified villages on the mountain sides, murdering and looting. Today, and for some years past, all this has changed. I drove over this highway in perfect safety, neither the chauffeur, myself, nor the other passengers having any defensive weapons with us. Yet we passed the same wild-looking hillmen—Hefsurians in shaggy fur hats and sheepskin coats, Lagushians, superbly mounted and often gaily clad. Ossetians, Georgians, Balkarians—often bristling with weapons which they never used.

Even the Jews are happy in the Caucasus. One old man showed me round his synagogue in Tiflis, and there were tears of emotion in his eyes as he told me:

"Here in the Caucasus is heaven

on earth at last for the Jews. In Tsarist days everyone was against us. We were stoned in the streets and dared not retaliate. But now we are as free as anyone else and are not molested. We are free to worship as we like and our only complaint is that our synagogue is too small for all the people who come to it."

In the Street of the Silvermiths in Tiflis an elderly man was busy making small daggers. His shop bristled with all manner of fierce and terrible-looking weapons. I asked him how business was.

"It is terrible," he replied, "no one ever uses these things now except theatre people."

If he has not already been absorbed into an arm or munition factory he may be experiencing a sudden revival in business, supplying the local home guard.

—*New Statesman & Nation*, London.



## War's Toll

**Horses of War:** The *Manchester Guardian* apologizes for resetting its crossword puzzle in a smaller space, and suggests that the solver use a sharper pencil.

When and if the Olympic Games are revived, we might consider the possibility in a crosscountry run for ostentatious kingly.

From the new and marvelous death-dealing inventions, there is one conclusion to be drawn: The Mummer Link the scientists were looking for has taken over the stepladder.

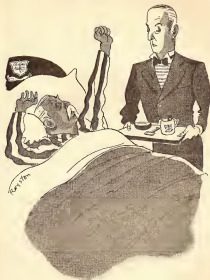
It turns out that not all the profit was taken from war, as presumed. So much for those dreamers who would reduce a great national effort to the ignoble level of sheer patriotism.

A college astronomer points out the impossibility of retreating from the moon if one arrived there by rocket. A truly abominable professor would not have thought of this.

What has the Pushover got that's new? The tank is British, the dive-bomber is American, and the "protection" racket is as old as the game of Chicago.

All in all, comparatively, is the captive Balkan. After a German soccer victory at Bucharest, Nazi police found it necessary to arrest only 100 Romanians.

*Detroit News, U.S.A.*



"I think I'll shove myself this morning, ladies: I can do with the exercise!"

# THE DANGEROUS AGE

SMILEY BLANTON

*When the young moderns are too old to be stopped  
yet too young for life's responsibilities—watch out*

Adolescence—the period, roughly, between the ages of 12 and 18—is characterized by two great fundamental problems. The first of these is the necessity of the child to free himself psychologically from the family. From being a dependent and obedient child, the adolescent must grow up, stand on his own feet, learn to make his own decisions. This growing-up process is a painful one for both parent and child, and sometimes there comes a period in which the child becomes aloof, and seemingly antagonistic toward his parents.

Let us look in on a typical scene in thousands of homes every day.

Mother and father are sitting at the breakfast table. The boy comes in, about five minutes late, and slides into his chair. He is 16 years old, rather large for his age, and he looks a little surly. As a matter of fact, he is really tired and sleepy, having been out to a dance the night before. As he stoops over his cereal and begins gobbling it down, his mother tries to make conversation.

"You got in late last night, didn't you?"

"Uh."

"I asked you to be in by 12

o'clock and it surely must have been way after one."

No reply.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Uh."

"Whom did you see?"

"Just the old crowd."

"Well, can't you tell us anything that you did?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!"

Father: "Look here, my boy, I want you to understand that you must be polite to your mother. I won't have you acting like a boor."

Whereupon the boy says: "Aw, for crying out loud!" gets up and walks out of the room.

Some time later the girl comes down. She is 14, looks about 16. She is slender, somewhat underweight; her finger nails are tinted ox-blood red, her face is a dead white, with shiny deep red lipstick on her lips. She greets her parents, sits down daintily and begins to pick at her food.

Mother: "You really should eat more, you're thin as a rail."

"Oh, Mother, don't begin that again. I weigh just what I should weigh."

Mother: "What were you doing last night? I knocked on your door and it seemed to be locked."

"Oh, I was just writing in my diary."

"Well, I heard you moving

around till quite late. You know, I really think you ought to go to bed by ten o'clock."

"For heaven's sake, Mother, don't you realize I'm not a child any more?"

At this point father speaks up. "Look here, young woman, you're getting far too big for your shoes. Your mother sacrifices for you and you aren't even courteous to her, and besides, I won't allow you to go out with those awful painted nuda. And your face! You look like a clown!"

The girl bursts into tears and gets up from the table.

"You're always picking on me, you nag me all the time, Father, and I hate you, hate you," she says, and dashes out of the room.

Mother and father look at each other with melancholy eyes. They're really hurt, and both feel that the younger generation is in a bad way.

This rebellion of the adolescent from parental authority causes many parents to be deeply disturbed. They are wounded and offended by the refusal of the adolescent to follow their advice and counsel. But, underneath, the adolescent is keenly conscious of the parental attitude, and he wishes, above all things, to have the love, affection and respect of his parents, even when he seems to be rebellious.

If the parents make him feel that he is being ungrateful and unruly in his effort to establish his adulthood, they may create in him a profound sense of guilt, which may in turn make him even more unco-operative and rebellious.

In 99 cases out of 100, this

adolescent rebellion can be best treated by ignoring it, unless the child is actually injuring himself or someone else. However, if the parents really feel that their relationship with their adolescent child is seriously disturbed, or if they feel that the symptoms he is showing are serious—such as marked anxiety, or perhaps wandering—they should consult their family doctor.

The second fundamental problem that the adolescent has to face is to master and control the impulses and sensations that come with physical maturity. With an adult's body, but with a child's feelings and thoughts, he is beset by this serious problem of dealing with these adult sensations. He very often over-compensates in order to solve this problem.

Some children become very ascetic. They want to sleep on hard beds. They insist on going out in the winter time without a coat; they refuse to wear a hat, and gloves they consider effeminate.

Here again, though the child's behaviour seems strange and even foolish, it is best to let him have freedom to carry out these ideas unless, again, he is doing something which is actually injuring himself or someone else.

Another general characteristic of the adolescent is fickleness. The son of a friend of mine expressed a desire some time ago to take up photography. His parents were delighted and bought him a rather expensive outfit. He used it for a few weeks and then threw it aside. He was no longer interested in photography. The parents felt

badly about this and insisted that he keep on since he had started. They felt that if he gave it up it indicated a lack of character.

It was unwise of the parents to have bought such an elaborate outfit for the boy before they had determined whether he really was interested in photography, because the adolescent must have an interest in a great many things which he wishes to explore, and then if perchance he finds these things no longer of interest, he must be able to drop them and go on to something else. This fickleness, this changeableness, is to be expected in the adolescent. It does not indicate a lack of character.

Then there was the group of boys I knew who smoked on the sly. After a famous prize fight, this group decided to emulate the career of the victor. They stopped smoking and took exercise regularly. The point is that no amount of arguing from their teachers or parents would have sufficed to

make these boys give up smoking, but when they had accepted an ideal that required this abstinence, they willingly gave up this premature habit.

What can the parents do, then, for this strange, aloof, anxious, worried adolescent?

To understand him, and to sympathize with him, and finally, not to worry about him too much. If the parents have given their children a normal home life up to the adolescent period, and then can see that those children have suitable physical and emotional outlets, they can be quite sure that everything will work out all right.

Physical and mental maturity will often cause a disappearance of the symptoms which the parents object to. And not only will sympathy and understanding help the child through this difficult adolescent period, but the child will come back to the parent with renewed faith and renewed affection.

—*Highways To Health, U.S.A.*



## You Never Know?

The first political cartoon in this country was drawn by Benjamin Franklin and appeared in his *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1754. It depicts a snake cut in eight parts, representing the eight colonies, and is captioned "Join or Die," in an attempt to unite the people during the French and Indian War. For over twenty years, whenever an occasion arose to consolidate the colonies, this snake drawing was repeated, thus probably exerting influence over a longer period of time than any other political cartoon ever drawn.

—*Eag Barr in This Week*

In Bethlehem, where Christ was born, Christmas is celebrated at three different times. The Roman Catholics observe December 25, the Greek Orthodox observe January 6, and the Armenians observe January 18, as Christmas Day.—*Walker Washell*



"Of course, she was much younger than!"

# I FELL SIX MILES

ROBERT D. POTTER

*A test from which defense experts and doctors expect to learn much about mental blackout, oxygen hunger and other peculiar effects*

A lot of people have heard of the recent world-record jump of Arthur Starnes near Chicago when he dropped in a free fall without opening his parachute from a height of nearly six miles.

The man's crazy, you say. It's just a publicity stunt.

But there you are wrong, far behind that sensational dive to earth through space, farther than any man has dropped and lived to tell the tale, were the best scientific brains of medical schools at the University of Chicago and Northwestern University. Out of the work has come new knowledge about the human body that will sometime in the future—when the present war ends—make for safer peacetime flying in transport planes.

Not that routine air passengers of 1955 are going to make parachute jumps from their stratosphere planes at altitudes of over 50,000 feet as Mr. Starnes has just done. But the knowledge which will bring safer flying for the future is better understanding of how pilots and passengers can live, and work properly, when subjected to the rigors which modern flying imposes on the human body.

More and more scientists realize that man, himself, is the biggest bottleneck in aviation to-day.

Planes can now fly higher than man can find air to breathe, without special oxygen equipment, to run them. Planes can dive faster than man can withstand the terrific forces of gravity which pull at his body and brain and blood vessels and cause the much-mentioned "blackouts" of the mind.

Guiding modern planes sometimes means taxing the human body to the borderlines of safety, skirting the thin edge where well-being passes over into such strange troubles of hyper-ventilation, acrobolism and oxygen starvation that nobody even talked about a few years ago.

All these words, which are really not so difficult when you get to know them, are the jargon of that newest branch of science known as aviation medicine. The record-shattering jump of Arthur Starnes is the newest advance in this field of science.

Starnes took his life in his hands to show men like Dr. A. C. Ivy of Northwestern and Prof. A. J. Carlson of the University of Chicago what happens to the human body as it falls—like a living aerial bomb—at speeds up to 209 miles an hour.

Does a man lose consciousness at these speeds? Does he feel as if he were falling, or does he seem



"... and hurry back... Gene's still my wife!"

merely to float in space? Does the world blackout for him?

All these questions and others more complex like heart beat and respiration rate and blood pressure, were all unanswered before Starnes casually stepped out of the plane at 30,800 feet and only pulled the rip cord of his parachute when he had fallen 29,300 feet, and was a mere 1,500 feet from the ground.

Many people may be surprised to learn that Starnes fell no faster than 209 miles an hour during his sheer drop through space. They will say: "What about that law of physics which says objects fall faster the further they drop?"

The answer to this riddle is—air resistance. Air drags on anything falling through the air and holds it back until it finally reaches some "terminal" velocity, depending on its shape.

Only in textbooks is air resistance absent, and under these ideal and hypothetical conditions a bit of figuring shows that Starnes would have reached a speed of 930 miles an hour when he pulled his rip cord if he had fallen in a vacuum. His speed then would have been about 75 per cent. of that of a bullet. Actually at his peak velocity of 209 miles per hour Starnes attained a velocity 18 per cent. of that of a bullet.

As a human aerial bomb dropping through space, Starnes is less a human being than a living aerial laboratory. With all this apparatus in place Starnes' total weight was 276 pounds.

Dr. Ivy, who recently presented the scientific summary of

Starnes' previous parachute jumps (on one he dropped 16,500 feet in free fall), says that all sensations of that "gone" feeling, experienced in a descending elevator, are absent in a sheer drop as soon as the body reaches its terminal velocity.

Starnes, during his drops, does not feel as though he were floating in space, as sometimes has been suggested. He hears the rush of wind inside his helmet and he constantly feels the pressure of the air stream pressing over his body. As he spins and tumbles end-over-end this pressure passes over different parts of his body, and he can get a rough idea of how he is turning from this feeling alone.

Starnes' mind is perfectly clear during his drops.

It took him just under two minutes to drop the first 29,000 feet and two minutes to come the last 1,500 via parachute.

During the great drop he breathed fourteen times: six deep and eight shallow breaths. The entire electrocardiograph of all his heart beats during the drop is now recorded on wax records for future scientific study.

Few people can fly up in a plane and make a drop like that of Starnes even if they had the skill and courage to do it, but everyone can sit right in his home and do an experiment which will bring home one important danger which every pilot must guard against.

The experiment is to create a hyper-ventilation in your lungs by very rapid and deep breathing. Hyper-ventilation is believed to



"Mr. Benson must be having another brain-signal!"



be the cause of some mysterious airplane accidents where the pilot "freezes" on to the controls and crashes his plane on the ground.

Such accidents go into the record books as "pilot failure" but doctors in aviation medicine want to know much more than that. They have settled on hyper-ventilation as a logical cause.

Want to try the test? Ready, let's go!

Start breathing rapidly and deeply. Keep it up for about a minute. Notice that you are getting light-headed and dizzy. Does the room start going round and round?

All right, you're dizzy. But keep on with the rapid breathing. Do you notice a numbness and a tingling sensation in your arms and legs? You do?

That's fine, now keep on with the breathing.

Do you begin to feel scared and show signs of panic? Don't worry, that's just a normal reaction. Want to stop? All right, stop.

But if you want to go on with the rapid breathing for about five minutes there will be other sensations. Your muscles will start to cramp 'up, and your fingers will start to tuck. You will feel as if you cannot get enough air and you will breathe still faster and faster . . . you are slowly suffocating . . . you are dying . . . or so you think.

And right then, really stop, or else you will fall over in a faint.

The strange thing is that the cramps which you get from breathing too fast and too deeply

are the same kind of leg cramps encountered in swimming. These leg and arm cramps are not to be confused with the most serious stomach cramps caused by swimming too soon after eating.

The deep and rhythmic breathing used in swimming ventilates the lungs much more fully than does the normal shallow breathing which most people use. This excessive breathing hyper-ventilates the lungs and makes the arm and leg cramps.

Moreover, there seems to be a close link between stage fright and this hyper-ventilation. Most people, the first time they make a public address or stage appearance will stutter, become tongue-tied so that they cannot talk at all, or their knees will tremble and shake.

Fear is the basis of stage fright and this fear leads to rapid breathing which is often done completely unconsciously by the victim. The rapid breathing produces the stage fright symptoms; the spasms of the muscles of the tongue that block all speech, the trembling of the leg muscles that make the knees knock and the clammy sweating.

If there is one thing doctors recognize, it is that breathing and the emotions are closely related. The gasp of pain or fright is no myth. Neither is the sigh of love. Or the sobbing of grief. All these are just different ways of breathing for the different emotions.

But the biggest trouble of all to the human body in flying is the increasing lack of oxygen in the air as the planes fly higher. Most



"Why, darling . . . you're still at the office, and I'm talking to you on the 'phone!"

people can be comfortable at 10,000 feet altitude although some people ought to use oxygen when they are only 5,000 feet up.

If you hop into an airplane and climb to 15,000 feet the air pressure is only half of what it was on the surface of the earth, at sea level.

If such an ascent is made too rapidly—as in a fighter plane seeking out high-flying bombers—the pilot is about like a deep-sea diver who comes to the surface too rapidly. The pilot, in effect, suffers from a kind of "bends" such as divers encounter.

Gases in the blood stream, bound there by normal air pressure, turn into tiny bubbles of gas that have actually been observed in the human body. The effect is like taking out the cork and suddenly releasing the pressure on a bottle of champagne or ginger ale.

Blood circulation is thus blocked in the small capillaries of the body and there is pain in the joints, feelings of heat or cold, and pains in the nerves as in neuritis. These are the usual physical symptoms of decompression.

Passengers in commercial transport planes seldom experience this condition for the ascent is made slowly to prevent the condition,

and the extreme altitude of flight is never much over 10,000 feet.

Continued flight at high altitude without oxygen masks causes altitude sickness, which is an insidious ailment for it comes on very slowly and is accompanied by a buoyant, confident feeling of well-being somewhat akin to a man who has had a few drinks but is not yet in that stage of drunkenness where he becomes depressed.

All this knowledge of pilot behavior in the strange environment of flying is vital in wartime where extreme conditions are encountered but it is vital, too, for safer peacetime aviation.

In war an exact knowledge of how a pilot's body behaves in flight means superior pilots and pilot safeguards that translate into more enemy airplanes destroyed.

But these same findings, too, will help passenger transport in the days after the war when routine commercial planes which have the speed and flying ability of modern bombers.

Then, more than ever the safety of the lives of passengers will rest in the skill and physical stamina of the man at the controls. Aviation medicine, now, is paving the way for that future day.



## Grit in the Eye

The 1941 edition of the British "Who's Who" lists Adolf Hitler as the man "Most in the public eye"—Grit, U.S.A.

It is estimated the average American newspaper car travels 3,890 miles in a year—*Oppenheimer Weekly*, U.S.A.

# RE-READING THE VERSAILLES TREATY

(1) H. W. WILSON (2) DR. M. VAN BLANKENSTIJN

*The Atlantic Charter states the Allied Peace Aims. What do you know of that other famous Treaty?*

Even in these days there are many who still held to the idea, so successfully put about by German propaganda during the years between the wars, that the Versailles Treaty was a harsh and vengeful peace such as no nation of honour could endure or impose. There are many who believe, in spite of what they have seen since, that the actions taken by the Nazis between 1934 and 1939 to "remove the shackles of Versailles" were justified. There are many who say that the present war must not lead to "another Versailles." Those who have been thus duped by German propaganda have usually studied the Treaty itself and know little or nothing of its clauses. For their benefit, and for that of any others who would like to refresh their memories of this document, we reprint the admirably clear and short Universal Encyclopedia article upon it by H. W. Wilson. When you have read it, think again: was this really such a harsh treaty to impose upon a nation that had started four European wars in fifty years, 1864, 1866, 1870 and 1914), and had thereby encompassed the death of millions, the mutilation of tens of millions, and the ruin of hundreds of millions—a nation so infected by the bugs of militarism and rap-

acity that it was to embark upon another war of world-conquest only twenty years later?

The treaty of Versailles was made between the British Empire, the United States, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Cuba, Ecuador, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Hejaz, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Peru, Panama, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Siam, and Uruguay on the one part, and Germany on the other. It was signed at Versailles on June 28, 1919, and ratified on January 10, 1920, on which day its clauses came into force. China, one of the allies, declined to sign, and the United States rejected the treaty, so that the U.S.A. was not in the end a participant. The Germans did not accept the treaty until an ultimatum from the Allies had been delivered.

The first 26 articles established the League of Nations. Important territorial changes were made in the political clauses. Germany definitely surrendered Alsace-Lorraine to France; and Posen and W. Prussia, with an area of 18,000 sq. m., to Poland. She agreed that plebiscites should be taken to determine the futures of East Prussia and Upper Silesia, claimed by Poland; Silesig, claim-

ed by Denmark; and Malmedy and Eupen, claimed by Belgium.

As a result of the plebiscites, which were taken months after the treaty had been signed, Germany retained all East Prussia, most of Upper Silesia, and part of Sleevig. Memel was ceded to the Allies for eventual transfer to Lithuania or Poland; the Saar Basin, in which the coalfield was to become French, and the final ownership of the territory to be settled in 15 years by plebiscite, and Danzig, a future free port, were ceded to the League of Nations. Outside Europe, the entire German colonial empire was surrendered, most of it to Britain and France. The total territory lost in Europe was about 27,000 sq. m., with a population of nearly 7 millions. Germany recognised the inalienable independence of the two new states; Poland, which reappeared for the first time as an independent Power since the 18th century, and Czechoslovakia. The old treaties establishing the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg were abrogated.

The military and naval terms were complicated. The Allies were to occupy German territory W. of the Rhine, together with the bridgeheads of Cologne, Coblenz, Mainz, and Kehl, for 15 years; but provision was made for earlier evacuation of parts of this territory if the terms were faithfully fulfilled by Germany. In the event of their not being fulfilled, evacuation could be delayed, or territory which had been evacuated could be re-occupied. The cost of the series of occupation was to be borne by Germany.

For a distance of 50 kilometres (31 m.) E. of the Rhine, and in the whole territory W. of the Rhine, Germany was forbidden to maintain military forces, fortifications, or works for mobilisation. She was forbidden to possess submarines, or any military or naval air force, or to manufacture tanks, armoured cars, or poison gas. Compulsory military service was to be abolished, and the general staff to be dissolved. The output of all munitions was to be strictly controlled, and all armaments above certain limited establishments were to be handed over to the Allies. The army was to be reduced to 100,000 men.

The fortifications of Heligoland and of points commanding routes between the North Sea and the Baltic were to be demolished, and all the German fleet surrendered, except 6 small battleships, 6 light cruisers, 12 destroyers, and 12 torpedo boats. Vessels could only be built to replace these units within strict limits of time and tonnage. The number of men in the navy was not to exceed 15,000.

The Allies publicly armeded William II. "for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties," and announced their intention to demand his surrender from the Netherlands, for trial by an Allied tribunal. This surrender was refused in 1920. Germany agreed to surrender German war criminals for trial by the Allies, but in actual practice that surrender was not made, and, though 12 war criminals were tried by a German tribunal at Leipzig in 1921, they were of no importance, and, where



"Hey, Putsch! Die is robbery!"

they were not acquitted, escaped with trifling sentences.

The reparation clauses were of extreme importance. Germany accepted responsibility for all loss and damage caused to the Allies by the war. The Allies recognized that her resources were not equal "to make complete reparation for all such loss or damage," but required a payment of £1,000,000,000,000 in gold, goods or ships before May 1921, with large subsequent payments to be completed in 30 years. A reparation commission of representatives from the leading Allied Powers was set up to consider conditions of payment and extend dates of payment, if there was good cause, but without power to cancel any part of the debt. Germany was to restore the devastated areas in France and Belgium. She was to surrender all her merchant ships of 1,600 tons and over, half her ships between 1,600 and 1,000 tons, and one-quarter of her travelers and fishing craft; she was also to surrender all her transmarine cables. She was to deliver animals and plant to make good what she had destroyed or taken in the invaded zone, and to hand over pictures, manuscripts, and early printed books equivalent to those destroyed at Louvain. Her taxation was to be at least as heavy proportionately as that of any of the Allied Powers on the commission.

A multitude of other provisions, including a stipulation that Allied citizens should not in Germany be subjected to restrictions or taxes which were not imposed on Germans, and that the Kiel Canal

should be open to all, were included.

—*World Digest*, London.

The Dutch are an eminently sensible people. They realize that, whatever the moral and psychological shortcomings of the lost 'peace' may have been, it was the economics of the situation that caused its breakdown. There was nothing wrong with the principles of Versailles; the fault lay in its misapplication in the economic field, in failure by the "victors" to anticipate what troubles it would bring.

Dr. van Blankenstijn is editor of *Vrij Nederland*, the biggest and most successful of the exile papers, which has a world-wide circulation and a large income. He was the acknowledged leader of the Dutch press before the war and its greatest political editor and writer, being particularly well known in earlier years for his association with Holland's leading newspaper, the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*. The following is a condensed translation of two of his leaders; while the standpoint is particularly Dutch, it should interest everybody.

During the last war we Dutch were lucky with our neutrality. Most Netherlands seemed to believe that what had happened to the Belgians in 1914 could not happen to us—just because we were Dutch, and they Belgians. When our neighbor was burgled, and not we ourselves, we forgot completely that the burglar was no less a burglar for that. We found him out only when he broke into our own house.



"Six weeks ago they were saying I was all washed out!"

In our future relationship with Germany we must avoid letting "material considerations" play the predominant role. Had we done so in the past, Western Europe would have been able to make a stronger stand against Germany. We must keep wide awake, and be prepared to accept smaller profits rather than bind ourselves too closely to Germany in the economic field.

Most likely, however, we shall not have to give up anything. The Germans, after this war, will be miserably poor; in that condition they are trustable and not dangerous. We must not bolster them up again with money, imagining that they will rapidly pay back part of it and use the remainder to buy our goods and services.

Yet we do not want to see Germany economically ruined. We agree with Mr. Eden that an economically ruined Germany in the heart of Europe would be a disaster and a danger for the whole Continent. There is a great difference between economic death and a decent, if modest, livelihood. Germany was wretchedly poor after the last war and knew hunger and misery, but that did not prevent her accumulating industrial and other riches. She was burdened with "reparations," but they were by no means detrimental to her heavy industry, which discovered that there was much money to be made out of these deliveries in kind. Payment was made out of money lent to Germany by the rest of the world. German mills were driven by the stream of foreign money which, after fertilizing them, left the

country again as "reparation" payments; Germany accumulated debts, it is true, but never paid them.

Everything that was done with Germany after the last war was wrong. What we did created years of misery for the people, so that they became embittered against the world at large. But it did not prevent the development of unreasonably wealth and unreasonable productive capacity; it gave the Germany that was craving for power just what it needed for its purposes. This time we must do better.

The world must do to Germany what she has planned, as her "New Order," to do to the world. Germans have planned to accumulate great wealth, to create a high standard of living for their people, under an industrial monopoly within Europe and a large part of the world. Eastern Europe, France, Belgium and Holland are to be reduced to the status of agricultural countries.

When we make our peace, why not invert the roles? Of course, Germany cannot live on agriculture alone. She cannot feed her population. But what of the unwholesome concentration of industry in countries like Germany and Japan? We can show no compassion towards those holders of large estates whose craving for power held down their own people politically, we shall not pity them if they have to give up their indifferently exploited soil for colonization by small farmers. We can see pity the German industrialists whose expansionism, expressed in the "New Order," makes their ul-

imate fall certain. Germany herself will thereby become stabilized. They themselves have showed us the way when they used their power to take over certain of our industrial enterprises against worthless currency and when they "Aryanized" others.

We shall expect reparations but not of a kind to murder Germany economically. For instance, as preparation for their invasion of Britain the Nazis sacrificed a good deal of the Netherlands' inland shipping; the same was done to the Belgians and French. We cannot feel sorry for France, who illegally surrendered, under German orders, all our ships in their ports and permitted Allied ships to be attacked from the West African coast. But as for the Belgians and ourselves: Is it unjust to ask for the German inland shipping to replace our own lost barges? Our shippers must have barges to carry on; when they are provided for, Germans can navigate in our service and shall not be worse off for that. Only the big German shipowners will suffer, and they deserve it; their Dutch branches were hotbeds of treason.

The same applies to Germany's

and Italy's merchant navies. These will not be much left of them. But what is left should be handed over to the Allies, and Germany herself will have to be serviced by us. After the last war she had to hand over all her ships above 1,600 tons. The result was that the German shipping companies, with the government money they received for their requisitioned ships, promptly started building again and, finally, everybody made money.

The reparations demanded by the Allies after the last war had the wrong effect in many ways. They made many rich Germans much richer, and by the bankruptcy of the State, which the Germans brought about to evade making the payments, brought misery to millions. And, finally, the people in Allied and neutral countries, by way of their banks, had to pay for it all out of their own savings. That must not happen again. We must begin now to study the mistakes of the past and the procedure of the future, so that, when the time comes, our peace will be economically sound and sane.

Prij Nederland, London



## Not so Sure -

A story is told about an Indian named "Man Afraid of Nothing" who married a woman in Wenzling. Two weeks later he was in town to find out how he could get his name changed.

The woman who boasts that she can get any man she wants, usually wants any man she can get.



# My Day.... TO HOWL

By Colonel GILBERT ANSTUTTER

## ... NEWS

I have a considerable grouch. It is an old grouch, but it is still as good as ever. In fact, it is better than ever. Because never before have we needed the benediction of straight, clear, unbedimented news.

Because the Japanese are rampaging all over the south-west Pacific, we need most sorely to be told just what is what; and we need to be told in plain, simple terms.

Until or unless that is done, our minds remain in a murky soup of muddled fears.

Not is this soup at all clarified by the second, third, and nth rate predictions of journalistic goss who claim such a degree of omniscience that their commentary guff is printed as actual news.

There is no excuse for this. News is news. Commentary is commentary. Yet every day commentary is being palmed off in our daily press as straight news.

It is high time something was done about it. It is high time that steps were taken—forbids, regu-

latory steps if necessary—to ensure that all commentary is labelled as such and is accompanied by a footnote which plainly says, "The above material is theoretical. It is a purely opinion."

This would save a lot of trouble. Also it would save the public a great deal of unnecessary worry and fear. It would crystallize news and emphasize it as such.

For, as I have said, news is news. News is what has happened and is happening—not (broadly speaking) what is going to happen, or—to be more specific, what is likely to happen.

## ... EXAMPLES

Last month, on a certain morning, five people on five different occasions said to me, "Did you see that report about what Germany said Japan are going to do next?"

They said "going to do next"—not likely to do next.

This lead rather flummoxed me the first time. I replied, "Good God! Have the German and Japanese High Commands been

shooting off their mouths? They must be crazy!"

My friends were obviously puzzled. "Why the German and Japanese High Commands?"

"Well, who in hell would have such information except them?"

"The newspapers."

"And where did they get it? If it's true they must have got it right straight bang from enemy headquarters."

At this point the discussion languished somewhat. Because they rather thought that that seemed a little too much to expect and just didn't know where they went from there.

I subsequently read carefully through this learned "news-report" which so ominously outlined our enemies' next moves. There was nothing at all to distinguish it from a straight news report—yet it was anything at all but that. It was, in fact, just so much tip-slinging.

It was quite good tip-slinging. As an examination of what might or could happen it rated fair.

But it was not news—although I am prepared to bet the odds off three of my shirts that ninety percent of the people who read it took it for gospel.

Now these are not chucks—or, at least, the people who spoke to me weren't. They were reasonably intelligent fellow human beings.

Maybe they did not have a great deal in the way of an objective or analytical mind. But they would pass muster fairly easily in most company.

They have only one weakness: They read newspapers. But this makes them fools of necessity

rather than of choice, education, or bad luck.

For there is no other means of learning news; and there is nothing in our educational curriculum to train you in that most difficult of all arts—the reading of newspapers.

There, then, were my thoughts as I scanned this enlightened piece. It started off: "The problem of where Germany will strike next and the conviction that the blow will be co-ordinated with the Japanese offensive are giving the highest officials here (in Washington) great concern."

Note that word *conviction*. Not the *certainty*, or the *knowledge*, or even the strong impression based on facts—but the *conviction*. For it is on that one word the whole article was built.

## ... SAVERS

Thereafter ensued a whole rigidly marching battalion of face-savers. From this point on came all the hidden evidence anyone could need that this article was simply a tip-slinging piece.

It led off with: "It can be taken for granted . . ."

Here are the rest of them, in their order of appearance:

"... the feeling persists . . ."

"... reports indicate that the Axis leaders have mapped out a new plan."

"India is believed to have become a point of . . . peril."

"It is felt that Hitler and General Tojo envisage . . ."

"... there is a conviction that . . ."

"The belief is growing that . . ."

"... it is understood that

British observers in Russia are inclined to the opinion" (this one is a daddy).

"They must that . . ."

" . . . is envisaged as additional evidence . . ."

"It is thought, moreover . . ."

"It is estimated that . . ."

"One important school of thought here considers that . . ."

" . . . is the belief that . . ."

"It is feared also . . ."

And there they are. It can be said, of course, that your newspaper reader should be able to pick out these phrases for himself and recognize them as the hall-mark of journalistic guesswork. But unfortunately he can't do it. He has never been shown how or why he should do it.

He reads very quickly and very imperfectly. And therefore he sees only the surface of what he reads—and the surface in this case mirrored furthering Axis moves. Unfortunately, Axis leaders don't read these newspaper articles; therefore they frequently do something entirely different.

In effect, they often throw a brick at the mirror.

## ... EVACUATION

I should like you to meet some relatives of mine.

It may surprise you to learn that I, like everyone else, have relatives. To those who think—and who have on occasions voiced the opinion—that I was found on someone's doorstep at a very tender age, this will come as something of a shock.

Nevertheless, I assure you that I do have relatives.

Some of them, moreover, are comfortably situated.

Those of whom I wish to speak first are extremely comfortable. They have a large house in a large, picturesque mid-western city of New South Wales called Orange. (I am not certain whether Orange is a town or a city. If it is only a town it will be picked no end by being called a city, anyway.)

Now Orange is beyond the immediate menace of Japanese bombers and therefore a happy place for the billeting of women and children from our dam, threatened city of Sydney.

My dear relatives have a large, beautiful home with acres of room—more than they (an elderly couple with one grown son) can use, or could use, even if they were able to produce offspring annually from this moment until they went to their spiritual reward—whatever it might be.

Comes a billeting officer, however, for details of their capacity to take refugees.

Surprisingly, however, they have no room whatever. They have offered to give refuge to other relatives in another far-off coastal city.

## ... DETAILS

The billeting officer wants to know about this. Can they show any proof of it? Well, no, not at the moment. But they can get it. Very well. Let them get it, he suggests.

In all, heart-gripping haste they write to their far-off relatives (who, I am proud to say are

also mine) and ask them, in heaven's name, to quickly send a letter accepting the kind offer of hospitality and invitation to stay at the big house in Orange.

In other words, they wanted it signed I am most happy to say that the far-off coastal relatives eagerly refused to do this and said so—after some anxious and heated exchange of telegrams.

## ... AND ANOTHER

In case you think all my relatives are blackened with the same brush, so—no doubt you imagine I am, let me tell you of another, who lives at Cowra.

I shall not tell you his name, because he would not like that. It is sufficient to say that he owns a reasonably large sheep-station, a big homestead, and a heart that is bigger than both his sheep-station and his homestead.

As soon as evacuation was mooted he wrote immediately to some other relatives of mine in the city. I did not see the letter but, knowing the man, I should say it went something like this.

"As you know, we've got a pretty big place up here. The homestead will hold quite a few and I'm having it prepared to take them.

"Then again, there are a lot of sheds and shacks all over the property. I'm having these made weatherproof and putting fireplaces into them. And I'm having more built.

"We'll fill the homestead and the huts with all they'll hold, until they can't hold any more—then we'll get some more in, if necessary.

"I want you to tell . . . (a list of friends and relatives) that they are more than welcome to come down here and stay until it is all over—and they can bring their friends if we can fit them in . . ."

## ... CONCLUSION

Most criminals are hunted down and hurled into a place with thick walls and bars. Now, it is easy to see, we are going to have the billeting criminal to deal with.

He was found in large numbers in England. Very frequently he was the local squire or some other similar, pompous goat who could, by judicious use of browns and an imperious manner, brow-beat the billeting-officer—who was usually some minor inhabitant of the nearby village.

But since there is no feudal system in Australia, pure nobility and cunning will take its place. The highborn will practice mobbery, and give the imperious frown system a trial. The lowborn, such as my Orange relatives, will resort to cunning.

If you steal a hour single loaf of bread from a baker's shop you are liable to imprisonment.

But what happens to you if you steal safety from some poor city kid? Where do you stand? I don't mean where do you stand with your Maker? That is a remote and dubious punishment at best—because some people will talk their way out of it when that day comes.

I mean, how do these people stand in relation to the fact that they are potential murderers? Because, after all, that is what it boils down to.

I mention the particular (above) simply to illustrate the general. Because you can bet your last half-penny (if, not yet having paid your income-tax, you have a half-penny) that there are plenty of others like my dear, benevolent Orange relatives.

I have only one suggestion. A blacklist of such people should be published in heavy type in the daily press—that is, of course, after they have been fined, or hanged—or whoever you would like to see done to them.

Personally, I suggest hanging, or stocks in the market-place at least.

### ... BASIN

This also concerns a relative of mine—a relative by marriage. He belongs to Eve, who, as you know, is my wife.

Now everyone knows about being examined for possible military service. You go through all sorts of odd ordeals. You are measured, thumped, pounded, weighed and tabulated in a manner rather reminiscent of a pound of butter leaving a factory.

Everyone knows, too, about the little basin.

This is probably the most hilarious and interesting part of the proceedings. Hilarious because, almost invariably, you have to pass before all those assembled Japs who have already gone through the mill. Interesting because it invariably causes more concern to some than to others.

To my wife's relative, it caused no concern whatever.

Always generous to a fault, he was generous in this crisis.

A new-found friend beside him, however, was in some difficulty. He was in grave difficulty; and it began to appear as though he would cause no inconsiderable delay . . . as is frequently the case in crises like this.

He sighed, and said, "You know, the Japs will probably be here before I get into the army, at this rate."

My wife's relative, however, had an easy solution. "Maybe I can help you," he said, "with a small donation—after all, co-operation and mutual help are I understand, the letter of the army spirit."

The unsuccessful trier looked at him with a fleeting suspicion. "Are you healthy?"

"Sure—A.I. I was examined only a couple of weeks back for life insurance."

"Ah, well—in that case . . ."

Part of the generous contents of my wife's relative's basin was transferred to the basin of my wife's relative's new-found friend.

They both passed into the army.

### ... PARTING CRACK

Your correspondent notices there are quite a large number of civil chauffeurs (or perhaps chauffeur-gardeners) still extant, still driving fat, opulent-looking cars around the Commonwealth.

According to this writer's screwy idea of right and wrong this seems to be almost without parallel.

Can any nation, at a time like this, afford to have able-bodied men tied up in jobs of that kind? Would any other nation (or should I say non-democratic nation) stand for it?



"Don't you think it time you asked Mr. Morgan for a loan of your lawn-mower?"





# AUSTRALIA AT WAR

## ... ESCAPE

It is a safe bet that for days, perhaps weeks to come, Australian soldiers will be shipping away from Malaya, turning up in Java in all kinds of odd craft.

All of them will have stories to tell—some of them simple stories of good luck, others stories of hunger, thirst, hardship.

Malayan coasts are customarily thick with sampans, Malayan rivers also are a ferocious hunting ground. To these regions, no doubt, Australians will begin to go to graze it and when they can get away.

Reason for this is the obvious fact that, of the world's people, there are few others who can boast the mass initiative that is part of the Australian's make-up.

From Greece and Crete, Australians are still escaping—or stopping to fight with guerrillas in the hills. Although there has been no recent estimate of the number of the Australian, New Zealand and native guerrillas in these parts there still seem to be quite a number.

To Mrs. Arthur, of Dabko, recently came a letter from Private D. Gilroy with the N.Z.E.F., in Egypt.

Wrote he: "I had been a prisoner of war in Greece and, after three months of the Hun's 'gentle' care in Salonika, had had enough.

"We were in a square block of buildings surrounded by a barbed-wire fence twelve feet high, then eight feet of coiled barbed wire to a height of four feet, then another fence.

## ... GUARDED

"Inside and outside marched the Huns with Tommy-guns and stick bombs. There were machine-guns and searchlights at each corner.

"I decided the only way out was a tunnel.

"Along with seven others I began to tunnel under the building, wire, the sentry's bear, and a little farther to come out and run for it.

"We were using a small pick, and everything went well for the first ten feet, but as we could hear the sentry we were afraid he could hear us, so we used a bread knife.

"That slowed things up, and at the finish it had taken five weeks' digging.

"One night fourteen slipped out.

"We went down under the floor. In crawled the first two.

"We heard noises, and after what seemed hours I went in, my cobber close behind me.

## ... NEAR GO

"The tunnel opened on a bank about six feet below the sentry's bear.

"I poked my head out of the hole, my boots in my hand. I could not see a thing. I put my boots out next, and just as I was preparing to slide out I heard the sentry cough.

"I pulled my head in, and the sentry, hearing the stones and earth running down the bank flashed his torch.

"I thought the game was up, and backed down the tunnel. My leg got caught, and there was I lying on my back, one leg bent so that my knee was hitting my chin.

## ... EGYPT

"I whispered to my cobber, 'Pull my leg.'

"He thought I was joking, and it took a few seconds before he realised I was stuck.

"We waited for a stick bomb to be thrown in on top of us, but all was well, and the next minute both of us slithered down the bank, up the other side, and within a month we were back in Egypt."

## ... IMPORTANT

Of more importance than war-incidents, however heroic and exciting, however, was the fact that, last month, Australia woke fully

with a bump to the fact that a full-sized war was raging right in her backyard.

There were no two ways about this.

For two years, Australians had been engaged listlessly, unenthusiastically in a kind of "spare-time" war without being actually alive to the fact that war—a world-wide, life-and-death war—was in progress.

That war belonged to someone else. It came near only when someone you knew got killed or wounded in an overseas battle. It was quite unreal.

But, during January, it grew very real indeed. Bombs were raining on Australian territory; Australian soldiers fighting on Australian soil had been pushed back into the jungle of New Britain; in towns and cities lights were growing dimmer, going out altogether, not to be lighted again until the war was won or lost.

It was coming very close . . . so close that only the launch, final sets of war were wanting—bombs on towns and cities, enemy troops scrambling up Australian beaches, enemy tanks ranging the Australian countryside.

## ... STRIPPED

John Curtin, Australia's heaven-sent Prime Minister, set about proving that he had more guts, drive, efficiency than even his best friend would have thought.

Almost daily, he smacked Australians over the head with some new wartime measure to restrict their leisure, sport, resources, wages, luxury-production, profits, and what have you.

Never before had any Australian leader dreamed of introducing so much restrictive legislation, so many "unpopular" measures.

John Curtin wanted no words. His speeches were unpolished. He would have been greeted with polite, somewhat embarrassed coughs if he had been speaking in Britain's stuffy, slow-moving House of Commons.

But he was not speaking for Britain. He was speaking to his fellow countrymen in the language and the accents they knew and understood.

### ... WORDS

His words thundered along Sydney's village-square—centrally situated Martin Place. They blazed in the ears of a mighty lunch-time crowd.

Orated John Curtin: "I shall not conduct post-mortems into how this thing happened. . . this chapter of controversy which has now ended.

"I shall not waste time arguing whether mistakes were made. I shall not allow you, either, to engage in disputation about whether those things were done rightly or wrongly three months, six months, or even six years ago. . . .

"No one can know at this minute the precise target which the enemy has selected for the impact of his first blow at Australia.

"Everywhere there is the obligation of industry, order, and a degree of co-operative citizenship which we have never before achieved in our history.

"We can do these things because there is nothing any other

race can do of which we are not capable.

"There is no capacity for war they possess greater than ours. There is no efficiency in industry that they have that we cannot outmatch. There is no spirit of endurance that they may boast about that is not in ourselves.

### ... UNGDOWED

"We are about 7,000,000 people occupying the largest continuous island on the globe. We have made this country. We have gone into the vast open places and filled it, not only with courageous men and women, but have made it a contribution to the requirements of mankind at large.

"From the day that Captain Arthur Phillip landed here until this hour, this land has been governed by men and women of our race. We do not intend that that tradition shall be destroyed merely because an aggressive marches against us.

"The challenge has been thrown down. . . . Adversity has never cowed you. Overwhelming odds have never intimidated you.

"To-day I call on you to invoke the best qualities of your ancestry, to build upon them, to go forth to the workshop and the factory and work there as long as you can stand up.

"Therefore, the past, our history; the present, our necessity; the future, our hopes, are all linked in the demand I make to you. Far, no longer will this Government appeal, it will order and direct."

That was Australia—at war.

## THE LAST DAYS OF SINGAPORE



The pictures on these pages come from Malayan just before the end. On the Malayan rubber estate shown above a tall column of smoke rises from burning rubber that did not reach Japan.



GREAT MAN-MADE CLOUDS OF DESTRUCTION HUNG OVER THE CITY IN ITS



DEATH THIRDS . . . SINGAPORE PASSED TEMPORARILY INTO JAPANESE HANDS



Before the surrender, over two thousand civilians had been killed by bombs from Japanese planes. Our inexperienced defenders could not reply.

Downloaded, March, 1948 Page 51



Many thousands more were injured. For weeks before the end, this went on. But still the needed air support did not arrive in requisite strength.

Downloaded, March, 1948 Page 52



This is the terrain. The lower and snow capped upper slopes of Lebanon Mountain.

## AUSTRALIAN SKI TROOPS. MEN OF THE



Nile a minute men in white, some, perhaps, broken in on Kossisko's great winter fields.

Cavalade, Merck, 1910 Page 34



History of ski technique takes months of practice. This is the field where diggers toil.

## A.I.F. IN SYRIA TRAIN FOR ALPINE FIGHTING



From slow "snow ploughs" to dashing "Christies." Australia's Alpine values learn all.

Cavalade, Merck, 1910 Page 35

## AUSTRALIA IN THE MIDDLE EAST



Northern Syria, with its heady inhabitants, its quiet villages and its strange scenery, has provided many incidents of interest for the Australian troops stationed there. Famous above shows Australian troops on parade in a village near the Turkish border. That below was taken when our forces received a visit from five French troops stationed nearby.



## BEEHIVE BUNGALOWS OF SYRIA



Life here beehives the cone shaped houses huddled together, dot the endless plains. A village in Northern Syria.

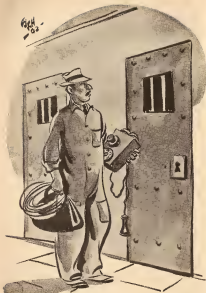


An Australian patrol entering a village in Northern Syria as a heady visit during its reconnaissance of the frontier.

# JAP-TROUBLE

HARRY CIBB

*In this Pacific War nothing is a sure bet, no guess-work is likely to help us win.*



"Are you the gentleman who wanted the 'phone switched?"

Last month this writer listened impatiently to the blarneyings of those who were saying, "Ah—but just wait until next year and the year after. We'll show these Japs what we can do. Just wait until we swing into full production—maybe at the end of this year or, say, at the end of next year sometime . . ."

These goats seemed to imagine that Japan was going to play the game and hold up operations until we were ready. It never seems to occur to them that the wily Japanese know, quite as well as we do, that we'll be pretty strong in a couple of years time.

That is precisely the one reason why they are going all out now to get a decision.

Also in this category are those who think that "Japan won't invade these shores of ours."

It is not their opinion that Australia will remain uninvaded that I deplore. After all, there is quite a bit of evidence to support that idea.

What is more to be watched is the danger that the non-invasion theory will weaken our preparations, actual and projected. For it is surprising how quickly a hopeful theory of that kind will take hold of popular imagination.

And there must be no weaken-

ing of effort—moral, physical, economic, or military . . . not by so much as a whimper must we permit ourselves to let up.

It is the private opinion of this writer that Australia will be invaded.

After all, we have shirked to the whole wide world that this country will become a tremendous base for future (1943? 1944?) aggression.

The Japanese has heard that shriek.

Therefore, it would be suicide for him to let us build up such a great aggressive force here without trying to break it before it got too far under way.

As these lines are being written, Darwin is being bombed.

The economical little Jap does not waste bombs or 'planes simply for the vacuous joy of taking a poke at enemy territory. He has a design. He has something in mind when he sends a hundred 'planes over to blast one point.

That much he has shown frequently in the near past.

And what he usually has in mind is invasion.

At the moment he is pretty sure of himself—and with some reason. He has made progress which, six months ago, would have been regarded as "impossible!"—

along with a lot of other comparable impossibilities.

He is so sure of himself that he does not wait to finish one job before starting the next. He was bombing Malaya before he had cleared up Sum (if such an easy venture could be called clearing up.)

He was bombing Java before (and in anticipation of) the fall of Singapore. The smoke over Singapore had not blown away before he had invaded Sumatra.

Now he has started on Darwin . . .

This among other factors gives rise to my belief that Darwin is next on the invasion list immediately Java looks like being in the bag.

But he is likely to run into a lot of trouble in Java. For a great deal of resistance has been concentrated there. From many sources have come many stories of what the Dutch have. And since these stories have been rigidly censored (probably twice) it is a safe bet that the degged Dutch are in a position to give their enemy quite a job.

If he is held up there, he might not wait, however.

In fact, he would be foolish to wait. He would probably tell himself that Java could be isolated by a land attack on Darwin and/or the northeast Australian coast.

This north-east Australian coast must constitute quite a temptation to him. There is a long string of islands, known as the Great Barrier Reef extending right down its length.

The Japanese has shown some

liking and aptitude for first taking more or less undefended islands and making bases of them so that his troops can organize and flood across a short stretch of water onto the mainland.

All this is, of course, guesswork on the part of your correspondent—it is simply opinion, pure and unflinching. But it constitutes at least a reasonable probability.

Nor should it be thought that your correspondent harbors any fears. He does not.

He honestly believes that the Dutch and the Australians in their present strength can give the Japanese such a hiding that he will be forced to withdraw and lick his wounds for quite a while before making another try.

And while he is licking his wounds, this country will grow stronger still.

It is the custom among Australians to deride their own military strength. You laugh about seeing "All the air force in the sky at once."

But that custom and that derision has recently gone right out of date. Your country in this day and age is no pushover for anyone.

Meantime, we shall probably find that there will very soon be an allied attack on Japan. Your correspondent has no evidence to support this view—except that it has proved the most efficient form of defence when demonstrated by the dauntless Dutch.

Not once since this war began have the Dutch waited for the enemy to come and get them. Although they have nothing like



"See anything of a white shoe last? Had my lunch in it."

his total strength, they went out looking for him; they provided some of the brightest spots in a campaign which, to date, has been notable for its gloom.

This would seem to be the indicated strategy—to go out looking for fight, to hit this enemy where and when you can find him, to hit him hard and hit him often.

The Japanese are no more invincible than are the Germans . . . who grew so accustomed to the thought that no one could beat them that they almost had to believe it.

The Japanese can be stopped—and they will be stopped. They are a long way from here, and that one fact puts a lot of weapons into our hands, it opens the way for many avenues of attack.

This writer believes that that attack will soon begin.

Mr. Don Brown, who was editor of the Japan Advertiser before its forced sale to the Japanese Foreign Office, and who has just reached America, insists that the Japanese have been practicing their noted form of military deception for many years.

They deliberately adopted a policy of deceiving the world about the strength of their armed forces and the extent of their resources, also about their will to fight.

In their schools, boys were set to studying the work of the famous Chinese strategist Sun Wu, of the sixth century B.C.

One of Sun Wu's chief tenets was that warfare is based on deception, and "when able to attack one must seem unable to do so."

"One must pretend to be weak

so that the opponent may grow arrogant."

If this was one of Japan's chief aims, it was certainly fulfilled. Seldom before had anyone underestimated an enemy, or a potential enemy as our bright "experts" and "observers" and "special writers" under-estimated Japan.

It is only a few bare weeks, for example, since we were joyfully telling ourselves that "Japan did not have any more than about 2,000 'planes, anyway—and the Chinese had got many of those."

And our arrogance. If we are to be ruthlessly truthful (for unless we are honest with ourselves we shall have little chance of planning clearly for the future), we must admit that we were all that. We were positively aching for the Japanese to come and have a go at Malaya.

The Japanese have followed this teaching of Sun Wu's so successfully, journalist Brown says, that the Western world thought Japan was a weak and impoverished nation.

Most estimates of Japan's strength had given the impression that all Japanese resources were wasted on inland attacks.

These estimates were similar to those of German strength made in the early months of the European war.

Brown, incident, furthermore, that, outside the highest Japanese officials, no one knew or knows how powerful the Japanese are. The Japanese had secret stocks of war materials before 1937, he said, when figures for publication were banned in regard to imports pro-

duction and consumption.

During the time he was in Japan, a Japanese employee of the American Consulate in Formosa was imprisoned for asking an innocent question about the number of automobiles on the island.

This information was needed merely for the American Department of Commerce for the use of automobile manufacturers interested in the export market.

Not only did they deceive the outside world, they also deceived their own people about the country's strength so that the man in the street became unconscious that an instrument in the Japanese Government's plan was deliberate deception.

By the time this piece reaches print the Pacific War will be three months old.

Three months is not a long time in terms of preparation. The time, effort, planning, transport and organization required for shipping great volumes of military aid overseas is prodigious and somewhat beyond the understanding of the ordinary civilian.

But in these three months a great deal has been done—more, perhaps, than you would have thought possible.

It would be foolish to infer from this that "Australia is impregnable." Let us never again say that any country, fortress or region is "impregnable." We have had enough of that.

But you can infer from what I have written that this country is able to give a damn good account of itself.



## The Specialist

The other day I was walking with a friend through one of the wholesale districts of Chicago. He pointed to a sign reading, "Pig Market."

"That just goes to show," he commented, "that nowadays you have to specialize. There's a good-sized business that deals in nothing but hogs."

"Maybe you do have to specialize in Chicago," I agreed, "but that's not true of every place in the country."

And I went on to tell him of two signs I saw in little towns in northern Wisconsin. One read "Vegetables and Old Paintings for Sale," the other—*Real Estate, Insurance, Cocktails*.

I told him, too, of a Michigan town in which there are two barber shops. The proprietor of each is a violinist—or perhaps, to be on the safe side, I should say, a fiddler. In addition, one of these makes violins and repairs clocks. The other, aside from his barbering, operates a commercial woodworking outfit.

I suspect the frog dealer in Chicago is a more efficient business man than are the other man. Yet it must be more fun to know a bit about barbering, adding, clocks, woodwork, real estate, insurance, or any combination of these, than to know all about the American market for frogs. We who admire the smaller places believe there is more to life than efficiency; agree to pleasure than the specialist's dream of knowing constantly more and more about less and less.



# NOW IT'S 'LAVAL'S PRISON'

NORMAN HILLSON

*The dungeons of Chateau de Vincennes famous in Revolution days, have a new, dead side*

In the "dark" days of the French Revolution when the violence of the mob cried out for victims, the dark dungeons of the Chateau de Vincennes on the outskirts of Paris, echoed to the cries of the tortured "enemies of the people." But in the new France that grew in the decades after the revolution there was no need for dungeons. In the land of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, if a man erred against society he was assured of a fair trial, and, if found guilty, he would be incarcerated for a stated length of time in a sanitary prison—not left to rot in a sub-soil dungeon.

All this, the outcome of efforts at social progress, has gone by the board with the entry once more of the Hun invader into France. Once more, under the Nazi Goggles and their quailing French aids, the old dungeons have been given a new lease of life.

Once more the people of France have good reason to fear the Chateau de Vincennes. Only now, in the privacy of their homes, they refer to it as "Laval's Prison."

The recent attempt on the life of the French arch-traitor was merely indicative of the hatred and contempt which all true Frenchmen feel for this crooked little lawyer-politician from Auvergne.

They agree with the summing up of a famous Frenchman who once said: "The only white thing about Laval is the tie he always wears."

But Laval and his German masters have exacted a terrible price for those shots and for the constant sabotage which is going on all over France. The prisons were filled to overflowing many months ago, and, though tragic, it is greatly feared that the Nazis and their puppets Laval should think of reopening the age-old dungeons of France—relics of the past which should have no place in a civilized community.

In Laval's Prison, the prisoners—whose sole crime is love of country—are allowed to parade in the courtyard for a few minutes only each day amid the jeers of the German sentries. Nearly every day, too, there is an "execution." The ghastly ceremony takes place in the grey light of dawn in part of the dried-out moat. And to satisfy their sadistic impulses, the Nazis—with Laval's full approval—force French gentlemen to make up the firing parties that are to butcher their comrades.

But although nothing could quite equal its present, the past of Vincennes is also grim.

Once a huge palace—for generations the centre of the court of

the Kings of France, it was converted into barracks in the last century. Napoleon made the former throne room a dump for cannon balls, but by that time the glory of the place had departed and the building had become just a military barracks, and a political prison.

Whenever a soldier or statesman became troublesome in other days a cell was made ready for him in the depths of the Chateau de Vincennes. The place was so vast that his moans could not be heard by the gay courtiers reveling in the upper rooms. Rank did not save a man from prison and the torture.

For example, one of the most striking of all the French kings, Henry of Navarre, spent quite a long time in deep contemplation in a lonely cell at Vincennes, daily expecting the executioner to knock on the door.

But it is in 1804 that we must go back to find an example of treachery which nearly approaches those which are happening at Vincennes to-day. The Corsican General Bonaparte had just made himself Emperor, and he was not quite certain of his power. He was frightened there might be a popular clamour for the restoration of the ancient monarchy.

So he ordered a young royal Prince of the old house, the Duc d'Enghien, to be kidnapped from across the frontier. The astonished young man was hurried to Vincennes, where he was thrown into a dungeon. The journey from Ettenheim in Baden, where he was captured, to Vincennes, took five

days, and there were already ugly rumours about.

Napoleon acted swiftly. The young Prince was brought before a so-called court martial, which was an absolute travesty of a court of justice, and condemned to death. They did not wait for dawn; he was shot in the moat, the only light being shed on this grim scene by an oil lantern.

In the great keep are two heavy doors. They are the sole relics of the prison of the Temple whence Louis XVI was taken in a closed carriage to be beheaded by the guillotine in 1793.

The old Temple was perhaps an even more sinister place than Vincennes ever was. The French Revolutionaries used it as a prison for the King and Marie Antoinette and their family. In those horrible, stone floored rooms the royal family were treated to terrible insults by their gaolers.

In those awful upper rooms the unhappy Dauphin, heir to the throne, died in circumstances which have never been explained satisfactorily. Both the King and his sister were led away to death from the tower of the Temple. Marie Antoinette was taken to another prison—the Conciergerie—to linger several months in mental agony before being taken on an open tumbrel to the guillotine on the Place de la Revolution.

The Conciergerie still exists by the side of the river Seine in the heart of the French capital.

During the September massacres of the Revolution no fewer than 288 people were done to death in this prison. Here in addition to the Queen Marie Antoinette,

many of the revolutionaries were massacred before execution, among them Danton, Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre.

Before the war, you could still see the cold, damp old cells, some of which dated back five hundred years; near to the cell of Marie Antoinette was a small room where condemned prisoners had their hair shaved off before being taken to the guillotine on the way to the guillotine. It was in this same room that Marie Antoinette was shaved and forced to put on the rough canvas overall in which women prisoners were taken to execution. Now the Nazis have brought this ill-famed prison, too, back into use.

This is the historic prison of Paris. But there are others with equally grim history.

Not so very far away is a long range of buildings devoted by all French criminals in other days. It was euphemistically called the *Sainte*. It only dates from 1868, but its history has always been one of tragedy. To-day the Gestapo

have turned it into one of the chief political prisons.

On the same side of the river is the women's prison, known as the *Cherche Midi*. This is used now for enemy subjects and other alien suspects. Not a few British and American women have already tasted its cold comforts.

And right on the far side, the old prison of St. Lazare, has again been called into use. It is an evil place. It was condemned to demolition years ago, but something always turned up to save it.

Now in that courtyard women prisoners walk alone, more. The place was once a religious house belonging to the Lazarites, or priests of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul. During the revolution it was stormed by the mob and those who resisted were put up against a wall and shot. You could still see traces of blood on the walls and pavements when the Germans marched in this time.

One has no doubt there are new many freer strains.—*Everybody's Weekly*, London.



## Operatic

Speaking of opera, Harry Belafonte, who produces the "Song of Your Life" programme on the air, was telling about the time Pavarotti Chelighin, the great Italian tenor, was appearing in an opera in New York.

The singer suddenly remembered there was a certain article of clothing he would need immediately after the performance, and he was wondering how he could get it. He then noticed his valet sitting in the audience and the solution was at hand.

Knowing quite well that hardly anyone in the audience understood Russian—the tongue in which the opera was being given—Chelighin during an *aria* changed the lyrics. Instead of singing, "Darling, you are gorgeous as a wind-blown rose," he sang: "Take my hose and get me a clean pair of underpants!"—*Dale Harrison in "Everybody's New York."* C.R.A.

# TONGUES IN STRAIGHT-JACKETS

ELIZABETH HESSE

The words you speak point to your status in life. Use them wisely

You are just as good as your word and no better. The dimensions of your vocabulary and the words you use indicate your station in life. Your language is you.

Through words we sell ourselves to the world. Words have dollar value. Take some advertising slogans which have brought fabulous sums to the persons who created them: "Good to the Last Drop"; "Say It with Flowers"; "Ask the Man Who Owns One," etc.

Words also sell us socially. Many a time have I envied the older woman who tossed the conversational ball to this person and that with grace and dexterity, including the shy people, bushing those who were getting too valuable, guiding the conversation into safe channels when taboo topics were touched upon. Such gift of conversation merits social success.

A good verbal wardrobe does not presuppose a college background. It demands, however, a listening ear, a fluent tongue, perseverance, broader reading, a better acquaintance with the dictionary and courage to use new words.

So let's discard the old words and phrases and replace them with shining new words, building fresh new phrases with words that go well together.

How often we hear the remark, "I know what I want to say but I can't say it." Oh no! You don't know it. For you think in the same terms in which you speak—words. It is impossible to speak effectively without many simple and meaningful words standing at attention, ready to be called into service. President Roosevelt always has "the proper word for the proper place," which is Dean Swift's definition of style in speaking. Simple language is a part of the President's power as a speaker. And how easily his words flow!

First of all, decrease the number of descriptive adjectives and adverbs you use. "It is a beautiful day," is more effective than "It is a very beautiful day." Lowell Thomas brought this to my attention. He said to me, "More and more I am eliminating adjectives from my talks. Speech is stronger without them." And it is true. Try it.

Some slang is acceptable Shakespeare used: A hell of a time, done me wrong, beat it, she fills for it, go hang yourself, how you do talk! Because of their universal use, slang words have worked their way into dictionaries. And many of them better express the desired meaning: fit to be tied, to make a hit, to be stuck with. Such

phrases add novelty and freshness if not over-used. But if you are using slang, weed out the ugly phrases. Attempt to fit your slang words to your personality.

Don't overwork any words at all, in fact. In its survey of over-worked and weedy words, Funk & Wagnall's included these 10, which you would do well to omit from your speech: yash, lousy, got, mud, funny, cute, awful, nice, swell, okay. Try not using them.

Just as bad is grange, that language used by certain persons, particularly over the 'phone: "... hi ... yupp ... whaa ... ? huh-uh huh? ... uh-huh ... mmmph! ... tch-tch ... heeem-mm ... mm-mm-mm. Phuh! ... uck-eth ... okey-doke!"

"Generally speaking," says Bruce Barton, "poverty of speech is the outward evidence of poverty of the mind." Don't you agree with him?

Rarely use a superlative. The silence which meets gush is likely to be antagonistic; people just don't believe what you say. Remember, superlatives are just accessories to your verbal dress. And no one goes about clothed in accessories alone unless striving for a Lady Godiva effect.

Once in a while use unusual words, but not such words as enestible, which is not in Webster's list, and which a politician used one day. You will find in the dictionary, though, many new words coined by living persons, such as blurb, coined by Gelett Burgess.

One of the words that sadly needs a rest is that perpendicular pronoun, I. Don't overwork the

I. It weans out listeners. We is a word that endures. You, also, is popular.

Strive to use picturesque speech: it is the spice of the language. Like these examples:

"An old negro woman, asked by her mistress why she was always so cheerful, laughed and said: 'Lawd, chile, Ah jes' wears de world lak a loose garment!'"

"When I walk with you I feel as if I had a flower in my button-hole."—Thackeray.

"She looks like the kind of woman who goes through life asking for the manager."

The handicaps of a limited vocabulary are evident all about us. You have heard a woman exclaim, "How nice!" about everything from a sunset or a baby to a red cabbage. One afternoon I stood in a museum. Several small groups were, like me, viewing some of the priceless old tapestries there. All of us were speaking in hushed tones. The young woman who stood beside me with her escort said abruptly in a loud shrill voice, "Oh, ain't they cute?"

When building new words into your vocabulary, choose small words. Long, showy words are the mediums of exhibitionists. Nothing is more disgusting than to listen to a vocal acrobat. Do you care what onomatopoeia, or abecedarism means? Rather spend your time eliminating an ugly, common word like got than strutting a variety of 7-syllable words.

For the much-abused O.K., for instance, there are 85 synonyms. And if you are a swell addict, don't rate yourself as a person of culture. You won't be one.



"Holy smokes! Where have YOU been?"

With a total of more than 725,000 words in the English language, it would seem an easy matter to possess a speaking acquaintance with 3,000 words. This, however, is more than the average person has.

Gaining a good vocabulary involves remembering eight rules:

1. Become well acquainted with your dictionary. This practice will rob you of your fear of a strange word and will supply you with new, small words of great power of expression.

2. Add new words to your stock daily. One a day means 365 a year, an outstanding achievement. Take the strong, manful words full of meaning. First, look the word up for meaning and pronunciation. Then, use it in conversation three times a day for three days, in its different meanings if it has more than one. Then find, and use, two synonyms for it. The word will then be yours—continue to use it.

3. Adopt the words whose meanings you know but never use.

4. Trade your long words for short ones. A vocabulary of short words, brief phrases and simple language is the most cultured speech heard, and the most beautiful.

5. Picturascue speech may be used with effect. It gives color, attracts favorable attention and permits a bit of fantasy, which delights the audience.

6. Fashions in words change. One year hats are smart, the next spring good-looking, and again they are stylish. New words come into vogue: pinger, blinkering, alergic, photogenic. And the pro-

mutation of words cheapest cement used to be cement. Keep up with the times.

7. Originate new words and phrases. Other people do. Try it.

8. Avoid: (a) coarse, clumsy or colorful words and expressions; (b) worn-out words and phrases, such as, the inner man, froth as a dairy, clear as crystal, to all thinking people, etc.; (c) talking much and saying little; (d) foreign phrases, except occasionally, and then use them right; *laurea fere, noblesse oblige, status quo*, etc.

To be a master of words is a worthy ambition. The words make the speech. It is a case of the feathers making the bird. Ask yourself: Am I often at a loss for words? Are my words well-chosen? Are my sentences long and unwieldy? Do I have a sufficient supply of words to express my meaning? Can I choose the right word quickly? Do I sound like a mental ascot or a mental sleuth? Do people listen when I speak?

Now try your grey matter on the following:

Define: Occidene, decadence, incandiesey, obsequious, pertinacity, excolpiss, plenary, impuge, solibriqua, dignify, laicent, ribald, hyperbole, attitudin, shilpiti, bazooka, paucity, conguenue, complaisant, puiement, extempore, esplandee, pleisable, pellucid, efflux, agrogoss, cabal, astrap, periclosity, ectopic.

In other words, as an ancient Greek named Diogenes the Elder said, "Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent."—From *85 to Spend*, U.S.A.

# CHINA'S THIRST FOR LEARNING

## ADET LIN

*As the Japs advanced in China, China fanned marched to evacuate 1,000 miles inland*

The life of Chinese college students in wartime is a strange combination of crude practical work and high idealism. They build and repair their own dormitories, cook their own meals, till the farms and harvest the crops. But high idealism, the hope of a new and free nation, transcends all this crude work.

Chinese students played an important part during the years of revolution. Like the students in any nation, they always cried out against injustice. In Peking, the cultural centre of China, they held demonstrations and met massacres, but their hope for equality and freedom never faltered. To them the war came as an opportunity for a united national effort to destroy, once and for all, the injustices inflicted upon the nation, and to build a true democracy.

After the war broke out Peking fell quickly. After offering stubborn resistance for three months at Shanghai, the Chinese army retreated. Then the great migration began, involving 50,000,000 refugees. Everyone moved west, either by boat, train or foot. It was impossible for China's colleges and universities to remain behind, so it is Japan's self-imposed task to wipe out "dangerous intellectuals"—those who read. So

professors and students joined the migration and tramped inland, going from one town to another.

The most famous march was that taken by the three leading universities of China: Peking, Tsing Hua and Nankai. These moved from Chang to Kuomintang in the south-west, over 1,000 miles, on foot across mountains and rivers, starting their journey in February, 1938, and ending it three months later. At the end of this trip the South-Western United College was formed, a consolidation of these colleges. Fragments of the three libraries were put together to form a common library and all unbroken microscopes and test tubes were assembled in one laboratory. Hats became professors' rooms, empty petrol tanks became desks, and a comfortable bed was made of a board set over two benches. Complacently, students and teachers took up their notebooks and resumed their classes.

The student capacity at this new college is 2,000, but the enrollment is 3,000. They are from all parts of China, and many are from occupied areas. Many are anemic and undernourished after the long march, and the doctor can do little about it, because war has made nourishment very expensive for students with little money.

With the excessive number of students, the library cannot possibly take all. So every evening students stand and wait for the door to open for study period. As soon as the door opens students rush in to get seats near the burning oil lamps, and trouble arises when a seat is saved for someone. In a minute the library declares full house, and late-comers turn away in disappointment. Some go to tea houses that have lamps bright enough for study. Here for the price of a cup of tea students sit and work late into the night.

The war dominates the life of the students in Kunming, and the same thing is true in the other moved colleges now located in free China, around Chungking, Chengtu and Kweiyang. Bombings of educational institutions make studying difficult. During air raids hours are spent in the rock-cave dug-outs, and the more precious scientific apparatus goes to the dug-outs with them. When the students come out after the all-clear, they often find parts of buildings missing, or some dormitories burning. But the wreckage is soon cleared away and classes are held again in hall-rooms. Only on rainy or cloudy days are the students left in peace to study and to work.

Their study and their work for the nation have blended harmoniously into one pattern. Many fight on the battlefields; others have volunteered as telegraphers, war technicians and field workers at the front. But China needs students for reconstruction, as it is found that there is only one uni-

versity student in 10,000 of the total population in China. Combining war and study, students go out of the college compound and mix with the people. They nurse the sick and tend the old. After bombings they take victims into their college infirmaries and nurse them. Some students work at the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers.

In summer, groups go to live with the farmers and help them with harvesting. They edit papers for the community. They teach the peasants, and so fight illiteracy. They conduct drives for winter garments for the soldiers, and the girl students help in sewing and knitting. This is all done in a spirit of good fellowship. A close brotherhood between the "intellectuals" and the plain people has come into being.

On the more permanent and constructive side, the Government needs all kinds of engineers and chemists and men in specialized fields of industry. Since the war 14 new colleges of engineering have been opened. Among the students those engaged in technical fields now outnumber those who study the arts. In 1939 there were 22,000 engaged in the study of applied science. Intermediate schools for skilled mechanics in all fields, fitters and draftsmen, have been established. Other schools are giving six months' training to workers and apprentices. To enable the engineers to gain experience, a plan is on foot for third and fourth year students to give part of their time in extra work in various industrial enterprises.

Thus the foundations for industrialization of China are being laid.



"Do you mean to say somebody's already invented a flyin' machine?"



# CAVALCADE

*Presents*

*Editorial* ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

To Indians and Chinese throughout the world, on January 10, 1942, went a stirring manifesto, issued by leaders of Indian and Chinese communities in Singapore.

It says simply, completely, sincerely, all those things we Europeans have been trying to say for two and a half years. It crystallizes the present Pacific war into why and wherefore. It speaks with a single tongue.

The manifesto was considered and approved at a meeting at which an influential Chinese delegation was headed by Mr. Tan Kah Kee, chairman of the Chinese Anti-Aggression Mobilization Council, while the Indian community was represented by Mr. S. C. Goho, whose leadership was outstanding in his own community during the period of threat to Singapore.

It could have been addressed to Australasia; for its reason and determination are universal.

"Chinese and Indians are the greatest Asiatic people. The united

population of these two nations amounts to 800,000,000 which approaches half that of the whole world. They both have a long civilized history. They both love peace and justice.

"Since December 8, 1941, peace and order in the Pacific and the Far East have been ruthlessly overthrown by the Japanese Fascists, and now India also is seriously threatened by the aggressors. The Japanese Fascists claim that they are driving the white people out of Asia so as to free Asia for the Asiatics.

"But this is a lie.

"In the past, numerous Formosans and Koreans have been mercilessly butchered, and during the last five years hundreds of thousands of Chinese people have been massacred.

"Japanese aeroplanes are now bombing and attacking open cities in the Philippines, Burma, and Malaya, killing innocent men, women and children of Asiatic race without discrimination.

"In the occupied territories, the

Indians and the Malays are threatened with pillage, rape and other brutalities, just as has happened and is still happening in occupied China.

"Japanese Fascism is, therefore, the enemy of Chinese and Indians alike, and the common foe of all Asiatic peoples.

"Until Japanese Fascism is exterminated, there can be no peace or order in East Asia.

"The British Government is now conducting the defence of Malaya, and we, the Chinese and Indian peoples here, should give our whole-hearted support in this war of anti-aggression.

"The Chinese nation under the leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, has resisted the Japanese aggression for almost five years.

"Our Indian brethren, in the past as well as in the present, have been and are fighting for the same cause in North Africa, the Near East, and in Malaya. Our two great nations have already played an important role in this life-and-death struggle in which the demo-

The *Balanced Review* is from the nationally known page of "The Insider." Its aim, primarily in its periodicity, its accuracy and its objectivity, is to present the news of the Pacific War in the Pacific. It is unimpeachably honest towards every side of national opinion and unimpeachably correct in the reporting of international

crises are engaged.

"We, as representatives of these two great peoples, hereby declare solemnly that the Chinese and Indians here, shoulder to shoulder and under the leadership of the British Government, will fight to the bitter end.

"We earnestly appeal to our comrades at the front to show their bravery in defending every inch of land, and to our compatriots behind the lines to offer their wealth and energy for the maintenance of law and order, as well as for the strengthening of the war effort.

"To our Chinese brothers who are fighting in China and Burma, to our Indian brethren fighting in Malaya, and to all warlike fighting for democracy and freedom, we pay our highest tribute.

"Long live the Democracies!

"Long live the Chinese and Indian nations!"

Little can be added to that. In simple, too-clear terms, it reminds its people that there is only one alternative to fighting—death.

The enemy must be beaten.

# The Pacific



## ... WORRIED

If the stark, gloomy month of February 1942 showed anything, it showed that the Pacific Democracies were war-worried, still had a lot to learn about 1942-brand warfare, still could not make up their minds how to tackle it.

In Malaysia, according to the cold, hard facts and figures, most everything had been smashed out from under their feet.

Malaya had gone—all of it.

For this calamity, the British were responsible—the British of Australia, North America, Britain. It had happened because of their many sins, military and political, of commission and omission.

For upwards of one hundred and fifty years, Australia had taken no interest in Malaya. They were scarcely aware of the fact that tough, white, neighborly Dutchmen lived at their back door. They made no attempt to cement ties with these Dutchmen, made no attempt to claim any say, or offer any suggestions, or give any help in the defence of Malaya or the East Indies. They lived wholly within an egg-thin shell they called their Commonwealth.

In North America, the Canadian British were just as much to blame. They scarcely knew of the existence of Malaya, took no interest whatever in it.

Across the border their American brothers were just as

culpable. Although they must have known—did, in fact know—that the loss of Malaya would represent a direct economic and military threat to the country, they huddled frightenedly behind their isolationism until the very last minute.

They could not be blamed for this. The 1940-brand war was no lovely spectacle to contemplate. It was a big, black baggy—a bogey because its coming had been pointed that way for more than twenty years.

Actually, when it came, it had proved to be not nearly so terrible as the shadow it cast before. For, as H. G. Wells so shrewdly pointed out: "This is the most preposterous war in history. A war of bluff. Fewer people are being killed in proportion to the populations engaged than were ever killed in any war before. Never has there been so much needless ranting away."

"In London, in Berlin, there is far more noise than destruction. Goering 'destroys' towns overnight and they resume work and sweep up their broken glass in the morning. It is a war of malicious mischief behind Turnip Ghosn."

## ... WE, TOO

But we cannot blame Americans for running away in fright. For that is exactly what we, too, did up to and beyond Munich. We shook with fear.

The Pacific failure is partly Britain's fault, too. She led the world—and, apparently, herself—to believe that Singapore was impregnable, Malaya near enough to impregnable so that the difference did not matter.

Few, indeed, were the recent steps she took to reinforce Malaya up to a point where it would be hard to take. No one made any effort to inject any speed or efficiency into Malaya's bumbling, heat-weary, lethargic Public Service.

Competitively nil were combined Democratic efforts to reinforce Malaya after the shooting started.

Pathetic were the recurring reports of utterances, promises, urgings of British promises as published almost daily in Singapore newspapers.

Time after time Malaya was promised more aid, coming reinforcements, reminded that they had not been forgotten, that they "were constantly in our thoughts." Time after time, these empty promises, printed in such good heart, were left empty, unfulfilled.

## ... BLAME

There was no one completely to blame—unless each country blamed itself . . . a course rarely taken by any person or nation.

But all this was over, done with. Malaya was lost; the impregnable Singapore followed. Little by little, the wily Jap had nibbled off practically everything for himself except valiant little Java which was now standing to its guns.

Most outstanding issue was the

fact that Pacific Democracies could not, even yet, make up their minds how to deal with the Jap. They were still scared of taking risks; still afraid of losing.

It was that fear which kept reinforcements out of Malaya. ("Supposing Malaya falls—we'll lose all these reinforcements of men and machines . . .")

It was that fear which kept the United States from pumping men and machines into the south-west Pacific without reservation ("Supposing the south-west Pacific falls, anyway—we'll never get them all back again, and we might need them ourselves") . . . although it had to be admitted that he had pumped out a great many—but not, it seemed, an overwhelming quantities.

It was that fear which kept Australia from pumping men and machines into Java on a scale that would make the storming of that little island impracticable ("Supposing they by-pass Java and invade Australia—we'll need all we've got to hold them off.")—although it had to be admitted that she had pumped out some into Java.

Only the Dutch, it seemed, knew what they were going to do. They had sent everything they could to the aid of Malaya, when Malaya most needed help.

They had not sat waiting for the enemy. They had gone out looking for him, smacking at him with two-handed punches whenever and wherever they could find him.

And, by February's end, there

was some evidence that, at long last, the leathery Dutch had begun to make their Pacific allies with some of their own aggressiveness.

### ... NEARER

At February's beginning, war came much nearer Australia. It came closer than it had ever been before. Said a Dutch communique on February 1: "It became clear on Thursday that the Japanese would attack Ambon, after movements of enemy ships in our waters had been watched already for a considerable time.

"The action began early on Friday morning, with attacks from the air from 7:45 until 9:5. Bombers, protected by fighters bombed and machine-gunned the island and succeeded in destroying a church and a school building and inflicting slight damage on the radio station. No casualties were reported.

"An enemy transport fleet was spotted at 1 p.m. It could be seen from Ambon. All preparatory destruction of vital points was ordered immediately and carried out.

"In the evening the enemy began the real attack.

"At several points along the coast, cruisers, destroyers, and transport ships were lying, while at various places the fires of destruction were still burning.

"On Saturday morning at 6:20 o'clock, ships were shipping and aircraft bombing the island.

"The battle is raging everywhere."

Only a matter of miles by air from Darwin was this new danger-point.

Meantime, Imperial troops in Malaya had withdrawn right back onto Singapore Island. They began to dig in. Across the Strait, in Johore, the Japanese began offensive preparations. On Singapore, British troops were digging in desperately. Over everything was a busy, ominous lull.

### ... ATTACK

Next day, on February 3, an American naval attack on Japan's Marshall and Gilbert Islands was announced. At same time, a report, ex-Washington, said that "There is a tendency towards optimism among some United States Army and Navy experts."

According to these "experts," British forces in Singapore would be able to hold off the Japanese for some time.

In the Marshall and Gilbert Islands no large enemy combat vessels were found. They were all out and about their nefarious business.

Declared the U.S. Navy Department: "Admiral Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, reported that . . . many enemy fleet auxiliaries were sunk, beached, or otherwise damaged extensively.

"Japanese military installations on shore were hit hard by naval aviation units and shellfire. Many enemy aircraft were destroyed both in the air and on the ground.

"American aircraft struck enemy positions and ships with bombs, torpedoes and guns. Meanwhile, ships bombarded many enemy key shore positions. Two American surface vessels received minor

damage from near bomb-misses.

"Eleven American aircraft did not return from the attack, but the total losses of personnel were slight."

### ... LATER

Days later, there was still talk about reinforcing Singapore, about making Australia a pigmy base, about appointing a Pacific War Council, about giving Australia a seat and a say in Britain's War Cabinet.

Down went Singapore, without reinforcements, first victim of the too-little-too-late policy. It still remained to be seen how Java would fare, and, after that, how Australia would fare.

Meantime, Tokyo radio was saying that: "If Australia continues subversively to seek to continue its role as a base for Britain's and America's aggressive plans in Greater East Asia, then Australia is plunging headlong into a pit of destruction.

"It behoves the Australian Commonwealth to reconsider its relations with Greater East Asia, rather than with Britain or the United States."

Added they, sulkily, "It is not too late yet for such a step to be made."

Politically, this appeal was a legitimate part of warfare. Actually, as the Japanese should have known, it was simply a waste of breath, time, electrical power.

### ... NAVY

For the Pacific, by February 8, an Anzac Navy had been formed

—a combined navy to include Australian, New Zealand, American fleets under American Vice-Admiral Herbert Leary.

The biggest political and strategic plan, however, was yet to be pulled out of the Pacific pie: A Pacific War Council.

Although Australia wanted this Council to set up its headquarters in one of the Pacific capitals, it was announced to operate from London—a long way from the Pacific.

Still, despite this compromise, it was, at long last, a Pacific War Council, it would be able to get down to business with its coat off, it must—everything else being equal—add to a more vigorous prosecution of the Pacific war, it should be able to get more action, more reinforcements more quickly.

According to some reports, sassy-headed, energetic President Roosevelt had had the final say in the matter, had decreed that the Council should be set up in Britain rather than in Washington so that it would be free from American political interference.

Over all—whatever the Council men—would be the guiding influence of Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt.

It remained only for special Australian envoy to London, Sir Earle Page to emphasize the obvious. Said he—apparently because he felt he had to say something and could think of nothing better:

"I am confident that the Pacific War Council is an effective step forward in Pacific consultation."



# International ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

## ... CRISIS

In 1942's opening months, the world stood on the threshold of great things.

It could be either a great collapse, or a great stride forward. Chances were that, in those two months, a democratic victory was just across the horizon, just out of sight, although the glow of it could be seen as plain from the sun can be seen before it rises.

Times were indeed critical. It looked as though anything might happen, anywhere. There was fighting on many a spot on the world's surface, certainly, at almost every strategic spot.

In this fighting, noise, long loud publicity, spectacle, speed played a big part. But as yet it remained to be proved that, during the entire war, as many men had been killed as in one of the Great War's major battles.

## ... BLUFF

At last, those who could stand back and take a detached slant at the international situation were beginning to ask themselves: "How much of all this is bluff?"

Every nation on earth was talking in tens and hundreds of thousands of planes, thousands of millions of money for war expenditure, millions upon millions of men straining, thousands upon thousands of tanks.

What was the true world-position? To what extent were the world's peoples being blinded by their own and enemy propaganda? How much had they been deceived by the falling of a few bombs, the blast of enemy radio-threats, the rattle of a few tanks? To what extent had they been stunned by the swiftness of enemy movements?

In Malaya, a handful of Japanese (compared with a Great War action of similar importance) swept down the Peninsula. Casualties (again by comparison) were negligible.

Said one observer: "Here was one of the greatest evidences of Greater War bluff. They had more men, planes, equipment and efficiency than we had—but not to any tremendously overwhelming extent."

"They won on surprise, speed, noise, treachery rather than by force of arms. Under normal warfare and without benefit of noise and spectacle we could at least have held them, even if they were two to one."

"Even now, the Dutch in Java are demoralizing this to some extent. They have found that they can use noise and spectacle to their own advantage; they have found that the enemy loses a great deal of his pulled-up superiority if he is headed out the same kind of stuff he lands out."

"Off Ball they tore his fleet to shreds . . ."

## ... BEATEN

More than one clear-headed, prominent thinker believes that Germany is already something more than half finished, that her much-heralded (by Democratic newspapers) "Spring Offensive" will be a comparatively weak affair, a desperate last throw trailing off into defeat.

In hard terms, Japanese in Malaya used precisely Germany's method in France . . .

"In 1914 the Hohenzollern army was the best in the world. Beland that astounding little detective at Berlin there is nothing of the sort . . ."

"Even the jumble of ill-equipped levies which the Allies sent to Norway instead of an army, in the hands of any most competent leadership than Ironside, could have held that country."

"No real German army ever appeared there. Hitler won Norway with a few hundred second-rate aeroplanes and a few score Quilings. It was tank unpreparedness and hesitation on our side that lost Tromsøen."

"In France the mighty phantom army had a walkover."

"The French, outfitted and betrayed, ran before it. Their Generals were beaten by a sudden realization of their own unpreparedness and incompetence, by tanks that had been made in Czechoslovakia, by radio voices around them and behind them, messenger boys on motor cycles who told them to surrender."

"No real army pursued them. Whole towns surrendered to lead a dozen cyclists . . ."

Although some of these features were missing in Malaya, Japan's strategy-pattern ran true to the general form.

## ... PRICKED

Observers who believe that German strategy dictated the recent of Japan's entry into the war insist that this is evidence of Fackler Hitler's growing desperation—a last-throw attempt to divert Democratic activity into another channel.

Little doubt is there of this. Germany's bluffed-up army faces early extinction before the swiftly increasing might of Britain, Russia, the United American States, who, although their potentialities too have been exaggerated, can still produce an overwhelming superiority in production.

Declared one commentator: "It would not surprise me to see the European part of the war finished within a few months, although it is dangerous to try to pin down any time-limit."

"Evidences are, however, that the Democracies seem to be gathering for the kill."

"Britain is hesitant to send men, planes or munitions to the Far East because she wants them all on hand for that kill."

"Russia is training her tens of thousands and even now pouring them towards the front line. Her factories are humming day and night. Her Generals are plotting their strategies beside British

Generals. Both she and Britain are holding their bombers in check and in reserve for the coming smash.

"The United States are shipping men and materials across the Atlantic—for the kill.

"In his recent speech Mr. Churchill, for the first time, seriously talked of breaching 'post-war reconstruction'; he would make an early detailed announcement on the subject. This is simple evidence that he is preparing, politically, Europe's conquered peoples—for the kill.

"And in those conquered countries, when the kill begins, the German army will find more pro-Democratic 'Quillings' than they ever organised into their own fold before the war began.

"It seems fairly obvious that Germany is in a bad spot; otherwise she would not have loosed Japan on the Pacific. For, if Japan won that war she would be in a more powerful position by far than Germany ever could be—and Germany knows this as well as anyone."

### ... BOILED DOWN

It boiled down to this:

(1) The crisis was at hand in Europe. In Spring and the months immediately following, Germany's so-called "invincible army" would find itself pitted against the combined forces of Russia, Britain, the United States.

Desperately she was working, politically, productively, militarily, to give a good, last-throw account of herself. It was indeed doubtful whether her much-

touted, "gigantic" Spring Offensive would ever get into its stride; it was more doubtful whether it would prove to be anything like its pre-publicity even when and if it did get into its stride.

For Germany, the writing was on the wall. What was being written was hard to see, for the writing hand had passed momentarily.

(2) In full swing was the Pacific's crisis.

Here, the Japanese, perhaps sensing the approaching end of world conflict was hurrying desperately to grab all she could while she could.

For her, it was a simple question of how much she could grab, how quickly, with what speed she could consolidate. For this, she had, she thought, a few bare months left.

With Europe at peace, another opportunity to expand southward into the Pacific might not come for at least another twenty-five years if the Democracies nullified their peace-making again, for a much longer period if their world-reconstructing showed they had learned the horrible lessons recurrent-war brutally teaches.

Against time, Japan was racing.

When peace came to Europe she would have to be in a position difficult of dislodgement. There was something of desperation in the way she was throwing men, 'planes, ships around. She had only a short, precious time to which to win out; her alternative was a return to primitive feudalism, old-time primitive living

standards, old-time political obscurity.

Raiding, restless movements of the coming crisis could almost be heard . . .

### China

### ... CYNICAL

Confident, unconsciously cynical was the action of General Hsueh Yuch, commander of the Chinese forces at Changsha after his unqualified defeat of the Japanese in that area.

For tens of thousands of Japanese dead, he ordered the construction of two huge crematoriums in Changsha's eastern suburbs.

Here, the ashes of corpses of Japan's myriad dead were buried *en masse*.

For those who might come seeking revenge, he prepared, too. He ordered that the crematoriums should be made big enough, of solid permanence so accommodate them also.

### ... PRISONER

At Changsha, too, newspapermen were allowed to interview Japanese prisoners. Typical is the story told by First-class Private Kiyoshi Kawahara, aged 25, from Nagoya, former life-insurance clerk.

Private Kawahara wore only a thousand-chin summer uniform because, said he, headquarters had not supplied winter clothing for troops attacking Changsha.

Said he: "I think one of the main reasons why our offensive failed was because of the shortage of food and supplies. This

happened when our supply lines were cut.

"I have had nothing to eat or drink for more than twenty-four hours. My monthly pay is twelve yen. At home I have a wife who is 23 years-old and a son who is 2 years-old. I want to go back to them. I was called up in July 1940 and I am completely tired of fighting . . ."

Politely, good-looking Private Kawahara explained to interviewers that he was unable to walk because of wounds, had been left behind by his retreating countrymen.

Asked one newspaperman: "What have you to say about this Japanese woman who was found dead in a Japanese military uniform?"

Answered Private Kawahara: "She was probably a nurse. They often come up into the front line along with the army. Our regular camp-followers remained behind at Yochow . . ."

### Hong Kong

### ... TO HELP

Not at all happy about the refusal of Hong Kong's garrison to arm-and-organize Chinese in that island is the critical, influential newspaper *Ta Kung Pao*.

It takes the British severely to task for neglect, refuses to ask bitterly if, even now, Chinese troops are being used to full advantage in Burma.

"They are not fragile orchids, they are tough, trained men. They have been hardened by their

training, they have received their experience in actual warfare with the Japanese. They should be unleshed."

Said *Tu Kang Poo* in a previous issue: "The enemy attacked Hong Kong and Hong Kong fell. He invaded Manila and Manila was taken . . . but when Japan attempted to take Chungking, the Chinese not only held Chungking but scored a smashing victory over the would-be invader."

"This speaks most loudly than words the toughness of Chinese resistance . . . It should show, at least, that Japan's armies, like her houses, are only paper. They are not invincible."

Of Hong Kong, the paper says, "It is completely reprehensible that the British authorities in that island should have failed to make full use of Chinese residents."

"An overwhelming majority of the Chinese population of Hong Kong were able-bodied men. Many of them were experienced army leaders. Many more had had actual fighting experience."

"Chan Chak offered to organize this great source of manpower. But the authorities of the colony hesitated—and kept hesitating until December 24."

"It was not until that date they agreed to supply some Chinese volunteers with arms . . . and then it was too late."

"Forewarned by this instance, we hope our Allies will, hereafter, place a greater measure of confidence and respect in the ability of Chinese to fight."

"Given greater and more active

participation in the war, Chinese in the south seas will be able to prove themselves a great potential factor in their contribution towards victory."

"For, are they not of the same blood as their brethren in the homeland?"

## Indies

### ... AIRFIELDS

According to the Netherlands Indies Information Department, Japanese in Borneo are still being considerably harassed by Dutch air attacks.

Short time ago, four or five correspondents toured some of Borneo's emergency airfields, came away with good impressions of what they had seen.

Since then, Japanese have invaded the island.

Nevertheless, they have not found all the airfields, of which, according to Java's Department of Information, there are more than fifty—most of them secret.

"It will be no easy job for the invader to find some of them. They were hidden deep in the jungle and are well camouflaged."

"There are no roads leading to them. All supplies have been and are being taken in by air."

"To do this, the Army Air Force organized a large fleet of *Lodestars*. Very little, if anything, has been said about these fields of "planes in communique; but it can be taken for granted that the bombers from these secret fields, together with their fighter escorts are not idle."

"The fields themselves are com-

pletely equipped for repairing planes."

"The enemy is going to find it very difficult to smelt them out. And even if he finds them, his job will not be easy; for, because they are not served by roads, an infantry attack will be very difficult, if not impossible."

"It is possible that members of our soldiers, withdrawing into the jungle, have retired to help guard some of these fields."

## Britain

### ... SHIPS

Of outstanding significance and importance were comparative shipping-loss figures issued by the British Admiralty.

Because these were issued during the height of Malaya's campaign, they were largely unnoticed, were given little prominence.

That they are important, as showing present-day trend of the shipping situation in this, history's greatest crisis, cannot be denied.

Since the European War's beginning, German and Italian claims had sunk the entire British fleet twice over—including ships shrouding, which according to the enemy, scarcely got off the slipways before they were downed.

At same time, the Admiralty announced its enemies' losses to January 15.

In the Far East and Pacific, Japan's shipping losses to that date totalled 128,000 tons.

In and around Europe, by the end of 1941, Germany and Italy had lost just on 5,000,000 tons.

Said the announcement: "Up to January 1, this year, the German and Italian High Commands claimed to have sunk, or seriously damaged, the following ships: Capital ships, 44; aircraft carriers, 20; cruisers, 188; destroyers, 183; and submarines, 95."

"This does not take into consideration the claims without direct authority of the German and Italian High Commands. The claims by the Japanese since entering the war have also been ignored."

"The above figures, moreover, do not include the ships claimed as only 'damaged.' Such claims include at least 11 aircraft carriers and more than 70 cruisers."

"At the war's outbreak, the strength of the fleets of the British Empire was: Capital ships, 15; aircraft carriers, 7; cruisers, 62; destroyers, 183; and submarines, 53."

"Thus, the German and Italian propaganda machines have created a situation in which the fleets of the British Empire (excluding additions from shipyards frequently claimed by the enemy as destroyed by the Luftwaffe, or choked with damaged shipping) consist of: capital ships, minus 29; aircraft carriers, minus 13; cruisers, minus 96; destroyers, plus 2 (plus 50 ex-American destroyers characterized by enemy propaganda as worn out and useless, despite the fact that they have carried out much successful escorting and have levied a toll on U-boats); and submarines, minus 37."

"Up to December 31, 1941, a total of 5,225,000 tons of Ger-

man and Italian shipping has been sunk or damaged.

"This figure does not include the losses inflicted by our Russian allies, which are estimated at some 496,000 tons.

"Nor are the losses inflicted on Japanese shipping in the Far East and Pacific, estimated at some 128,000 tons included. . . ." (This was before the Macassar battles).

According to a British February's-end announcement, British shipping losses in the Atlantic had been upped somewhat in recent weeks.

This could mean one of two things.

(1) That protective American warships had been withdrawn from the Atlantic, pumped into the Pacific where they were urgently needed.

This was an unlikely explanation. There is little solid evidence to prove that American naval activity in the Atlantic prior to the Pacific War's outbreak had any more than a limited cautionary effect on enemy raiders and U-boats.

More likely was:

(2) That there had been a tremendous increase in trans-Atlantic shipping; that the United States were shooting men, food, equipment, machines across the Ocean into Europe for, perhaps, a forthcoming offensive.

Little time ago, shortly after the outbreak of hostilities between Germany and Russia, British bomber-losses grew, because great numbers were raiding across the channel.

Same can be said of shipping.

Everything else being equal, big shipping losses mean increased air-transport.

## Spain

### ... CAUTIOUS

Still cautious is Spain's plucky, pre-sieved Caudillo Franco. The surface of his country is comparatively unruined. But well he knows that, just below the surface, the forces that opposed him during the Civil War are awaiting only an opportunity to spring up to their guns again.

For this reason he is in no great haste to co-operate with Father Hitler in the matter of allowing German soldiers to march across his country towards Gibraltar, much as he would like.

According to one report, for which there can be no confirmation, Dyoniseo Frances's position is becoming daily more precarious.

Aligned against him is brother-in-law Sener and his pro-Naz Phalangists. Daily, they press him for action, for closer co-operation with Dictators Hitler and Mussolini.

Meantime, Franco is reported to have made all necessary arrangements for a quick escape to Latin South America.

If an opportunity occurs, chances are that brother-in-law Sener, who has his eye fixed steadily on Franco's job, will contrive to sweep him aside, line up definitely and irrevocably with Germany, once more leaving fugitive Ambassador Sir Samuel Hoare high and dry with a handful of washed out appeasement.

## National

### ... NO WHISPER

During February, the Australian Cassernwealth, a staunch member of the British Cassernwealth of Nations, became a Socialist State.

It was as simple as that.

It had caught every Australian reformer, political up-lifter, post-war reconstructor off-balance, knocked the wind right out of their lungs, left them speechless.

Nowhere did a single soul lift his voice to say or shout, "Socialism!" No single person, writer or speaker, dared utter the wicked word.

Yet it had come—without bloodshed, with little (apparent) opposition, with few (apparent) regrets for the dear, dead past.

Began H. G. Wells, in one of his learned, vernacular journalistic pieces: "One of the most remarkable events in the world has well to be grasped by the English-speaking peoples. The Established Church of England, the mother of the American and other Episcopalian Churches throughout the world, has gone red—bright red!"

"Under the leadership of the Archbishop of York, at the conclusion of a representative conference of churchmen on the relation of the Church to society, and scarcely more than nineteen hundred years after the founder of Christianity sent the rich man away and made such a potter among the money-changers in the Temple, it has announced (Jan-

uary 1941) that 'the time has come' for Christians to declare plainly that (1) the private ownership of the industrial resources of the community is 'contrary to God's plan for mankind' and (2) that the striving for 'ownership' foisted upon us in a 'profane' world is a 'stumbling block', making it hard for men to lead Christian lives.

"Manifestly, this is a plain assertion of collectivism and the wickedness of the acquisitive life, that is to say, it is outright Socialism, or else—what is it?"

Quite what, that could be the key to John Curtin's new pronouncement: "... Socialism, or else—what is it?"

For John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia, political muscleman of the south-west Pacific, the one figure in that region who had enough guts to start throwing out-moded political furniture out of his house, who had strength enough to start in joyously smashing things he did not like, had brought something new to his country. He had not brought it gently, piece by piece. He had furciously wasted his chance. With Singapore toppling he decided that this was the right, psychological moment.

He threw his bomb.

### ... FRAGMENTS

Many fragments had that been. Within a few hours, the Australian way of life and of living was under the type of control that

Britons thought they were getting a couple of days after their European war broke.

Said Prime Minister Curtin modestly:

"Following a meeting of the war Cabinet to-day (February 19, 1942), I have an important statement to make on far-reaching changes in the direction of industry, and the control of profits, prices, and wages during the war."

All social uplifters could do was hope and pray that the control had come to stay, that those three words "during the war" were just a gesture designed to quench the faint, quivering nerves of the privileged classes.

In about two paragraphs, John Curtin pulled the trigger.

"The plan involves Government direction of industry and trade, so that the production of war materials will be speeded up, the manpower of the community mobilized in the interests of the nation, and the incomes of all sections of the community equitably controlled . . .

"The plan will affect all classes of the community, and everybody will be asked to make some sacrifice and to accept some interference with his natural way of life . . ."

## ... BULLETS

After that, he began shooting one point at a time. Each had the bite, the clean, quick, incisive efficiency of a bullet. Each was designed to weld the nation, rich and poor, influential and insignificant, into a united whole that could strain as one man towards a single

objective.

In effect, no one in Prime Minister Curtin's wartime Australia would be allowed to make a lot of money at the expense of his fellow men, at front line or factory. He would still make a great deal more than they (otherwise he might threaten to close down his factory); but his wings would be clipped.

But even if he did show signs of sulkingly closing down, there was medicine for him, too! The government would take it from him and run it themselves.

## ... POINTS

Few and simple were the points.

"Details of the plan are:

"(1) There will be prohibition of the sale or investment of capital, except by permission of the Government, or for obvious war purposes . . . This will eliminate many forms of speculation . . ."

Truly, we might say of Australian Ambassador Casey as Wells said of British Ambassador Halifax: " . . . he will no doubt make it his first business to discuss the technical difficulties of expropriating wealth and liberating our souls from the ownership mentality, not only with the President, whose hard-faced business men long since denounced as a Red, but with his fellow Ambassador, Mr. Gromyko from Soviet Russia, who has witnessed the successful abolition of speculation in the Soviet Union."

But that was only the beginning of fixer Curtin's plan. There were plenty more rabbits in his hat.

He proceeded to fix the prices of all goods and services; profits, exclusive of taxes paid, at a maximum of 4 percent so that "profits in excess of the maximum prescribed will either be passed on to the consumer in lower prices, or taken as taxation" so that the public would get the benefit both ways; wages—at their existing level . . .

## ... LOBBY LOGIC

Lord was the laughter in the long lobby at Canberra when the rumor was resurrected that able Attorney-General Ewart had resigned from his life-long appointment on the High Court Bench of Australia to accept a precarious political position in order that he might qualify for the appointment as Governor-General of Australia.

Competent critics voiced the view that if Ewart, intellectually ablest of the whole of the Ministry, desired the position of Governor-General, he might well have remained where he was on the High Court Bench.

Critics were reminded that it was competent for the Curtin Government to follow the precedent of a former Labor Administration and appoint a High Court Judge as Governor-General of Australia.

Sir Isaac Isaacs was not a popular appointment. His worthwhile work in office though, confounded the critics and brought credit on the Government who appointed him.

There would appear to be no reason later on, should the vacancy occur, and the Attorney-General desire the position, that he should

not be offered the position, for there is a strong and growing sentiment that the highest position in Australia should be filled by an Australian born.

Little a possibility that the present popular occupant of office, Lord Gowrie will relinquish his term of office until the conclusion of the war. No secret is it at Canberra in well informed political circles that there is in the Commonwealth at the moment another very distinguished Englishman holding a most important post, whose friends think is eminent and peculiarly equipped for the position of Governor-General.

Because this eminent Englishman, who, it was suggested was being groomed for the position of Governor-General, has made so many unfortunate mistakes in judging public opinion, his chances are regarded as being politically slim while the present Government is competent to advance his Majesty, the King, on these matters.

Wise is hard-working Labor Minister Ward in his selection of his political colleagues to act as Ministerial assistants.

These members of the House, each equipped in some peculiar way too, to fill a special niche, has been appointed by Minister Ward without status or salary. Carefully considered are the constructive comments now made by these assistants, where formally capricious criticism might have been expected.

Lightened is the load of the Minister—increased are the results he is obtaining.

## History in the Making

(Continued from page 11a)

a few troops. Hopping mad was everyone. In London, Washington, Sydney, Prime Minister Churchill was being freely criticised for his self-sufficiency, his shielding of Cabinet decisions—factors which, said his critics, had contributed towards this mess.

**FEBRUARY 12:** Japanese troops, making their up-eiver way towards Palembang, were blasted by bombers, met by sheets of floating fire daltling down from Palembang's scorching wells and refineries. In Burma the British withdrew to the Blin River's west bank. In Russia, the Red Army was getting ready to counter Germany's spring offensive with one of her own.

**FEBRUARY 16:** On Java was the spotlight. Very soon there would be a large-scale attack on that island; according to reports, the Allies were sending considerable men and machines to reinforce the Dutch. At any time, too, Rangoon might be invaded from the sea. In the Philippines General MacArthur and his men still stood their ground, gave not an inch.

**FEBRUARY 19:** Down onto Darwin fell the first enemy bombs in Australia's history, killing few people, doing an unspecified amount of reportedly negligible damage. There was nothing to support the early report that many A.I.F. troops had escaped Singapore.

**FEBRUARY 21:** To Bali went a Japanese invasion force. There were American troops in Java, further withdrawals in Burma, a

considered advance by Chinese troops in Thailand, a Cabinet reshuffle in Britain.

**FEBRUARY 21:** According to the Japanese, they had taken Timor 480 miles from Darwin. There was little let-up in Russia; they still pushed on, slowly, grimly, methodically.

**FEBRUARY 23:** Around Bali Allied naval and air forces whipped out of their home bases, whipped into the Japanese invasion fleet in a tearing, blasting offensive. It was too early to tot up the damage, but after a couple of days it began to look as though the Japanese were down to the extent of some 30 vessels, sunk or damaged, warship and transport. Over Burma the British were getting increased air-support. In India, if it was handled properly, there was evidence of a growing desire to support Britain. In Europe, the Russians had reached and crossed the Russo-Latvian frontier.

**FEBRUARY 23:** The Japanese, in the region of Bali, were still paying heavily for their invasion. Russia was beginning to bring up Ural-trained reserves for the forthcoming spring clash. In Sumatra, meantime, the Japanese were having no easy time; everything of use had been blasted, broken, blazed in the path of their advance.

**FEBRUARY 26:** Off California (U.S.A.), an enemy submarine popped up, fired 25 shots at refueries, popped off. Around Bali, the fighting Dutch had sunk or damaged about 30 Japanese ships. Between Britain and U.S.A. a new Lend-Lease Agreement.

## PEARL HARBOR



Taken by U.S. Army official photographers the pictures on this and following pages graphically portray the great event that set the Pacific aflame. Top picture shows fires raging above the repair docks. Below, dense smoke envelopes the island of Oahu.

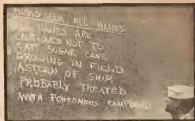




When war came suddenly to America on December 7th the Hawaiian garrison was so taken by surprise that much of its aerial strength was destroyed on the ground. The camera, shooting under the wing of a damaged flying Fortress shows hangars and other 'planes banded to the mid-distance.



One Japanese bomb is believed to have caused this scene of devastation in valuable Waikeke during the attack of December 7. Waikeke is a favorite resort spot of visitors from the mainland.



A seaman inspects a warning against eating sugarcane growing on a nearby shore. The message is posted on the turret of a United States battleship stationed in Honolulu. Official United States Navy photo.



And yet, with all that happened, America's military tradition goes on. Picture shows burial of a Jap aviator, with full honors.

## THIS IS A TWO MAN SUBMARINE



Wreckage of a two-man midget submarine, pictured here, was quickly salvaged at the Pearl Harbor naval base. Shelled by an aircraft carrier, rammed by a destroyer at high speed, and then killed by depth charges, the T340 vessel is only a twisted mass of twisted steel. Note the dashboard effect on the hull of the sub, caused by depth charges. Also how forward of vessel is completely torn away from collision.



## HONOLULU CIVILIANS SUFFERED TOO



Bomb splinters did this to a parked car. There were four occupants inside. All were killed instantly.



Outside a suburban home a non-combatant civilian takes a little first aid. Now that civilian has armed himself in readiness for any eventuality.



## END OF A GRAND OLD LADY



Last pictures ever taken of the Arizona are these. The last of the crew are shown leaving the stricken vessel just before she heeled over when only 12 miles from port. Although 1,545 officers and men were aboard when the torpedo struck, only one was lost. Men were unable to life to boats owing to the heavy list, but destroyers came alongside and effected the rescue.



Coralcove, March, 1942 Page 36.

### Seventy-seventh Congress of the United States of America At the first Session

There met at the City of Washington on Friday the third day of January, one thousand nine hundred and forty-one

#### JOINT RESOLUTION

Declaring that a state of war exists between the Empire of Japan and the United States of America and the people of the United States and making provisions to govern the same

Whereas the Imperial Government of Japan has committed a premeditated act of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America. Therefore be it

Enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial Government of Japan which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared, and the President is hereby authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial Government of Japan; and, in being the result, in a successful termination, all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

*Charles McNair*  
Speaker of the House of Representatives

*W. C. Clegg*  
Vice President of the United States and  
President of the Senate

*Approved*  
Dec 5<sup>th</sup> 1941 4.10 p.m. E.S.T.  
*Franklin D. Roosevelt*

THIS  
is a reproduction of  
AMERICA'S DECLARATION  
OF WAR ON JAPAN

# GIRLS IN NAZI PRISONS

BESSY MYERS

*Episodes from experiences of two British Ambulance Drivers captured in the fall of France*

Miss Myers joined the M.T.G. and went out to the French front. Later she and her co-driver, Miss Mary Darby, were attached to the American Chateau de Blais Ambulance Unit, and were captured during the German advance on Paris in mid-June, 1940, when they were trying to evacuate French wounded from the danger zone. The Nazi officers with whom they first came in contact were in good spirits, expecting Paris to fall within the next few days and Britain to give in the following month.

The Kommandant of the barracks shows us to our rooms. Mary Darby and I decide to go to bed. Beddings on the door. The Nasty One—that is what I call the Kommandant, who has a very disagreeable face and manner—comes in and says we are to get up at once and wash ourselves. The chief Kommandant has invited us to dinner.

We tell him that of course we should wash—had we any water. He shouts to a soldier, who brings us some, and stands in the doorway while we are washing, saying, "Hurry, hurry." When we start doing our faces he tells us he does not approve of women using make-up, and we are to "Hurry, hurry, hurry." Darby and I don't take

the slightest notice and talk as long as we can. The Nasty One gets almost beside himself with rage; I imagine he has never been kept waiting before in his life. We tell him it always takes us a long time to make up our faces, and if he is in such a hurry he should have told us sooner than we were invited out to dinner.

We walk to the Kommandatur—which was the archbishop's palace—in silence. The chief Kommandant greets us in the hall. With him are three other officers, to whom we are introduced. They click their heels and bow. Double doors are thrown open; the chief Kommandant tells us to lead the way. The dining-room is attractively lit with candles in cut-glass chandeliers; the archbishop's silver and cut-glass gleam; cold meats of various kinds are spread on the embroidered white tablecloth, and a large dish of butter is placed before each person. We are seated on by the butman and another soldier. Darby and I sit either side of the chief Kommandant—it would be my luck to have the Nasty One on my left. The chief Kommandant passed round a large decanter filled with rum, and we observe the thing to do is to pour it into our tea. I have never drunk rum



"Say, listen Charlie, wash those rolls and come and get me, huh?"

that way before, but I like it. The conversation is general—and I hope the topic of war will not crop up. The chief Kommandant and the officers seem to be of the same opinion—the atmosphere is genial and friendly. We all speak French except one officer, who chips into the conversation in German, the chief Kommandant acting as interpreter.

As I have no idea how to address the chief Kommandant, I call him "Mein Herr," and ask if that is correct. He smiles and says it will do, but adds that it is a form of address which is now less frequently used. I tell him that *mein Herr*, like *monsieur*, covers a multitude of palaver, and unfortunately in our language we have not the equivalent of either.

I also say how I appreciate German music and poetry, especially *Die Lorelei* and the music it was set to. The chief Kommandant replies that as the music was written by a Jew it is no longer allowed to be sung in Germany. I tell him I think it fortunate for the Germans that Wagner was not a Jew, otherwise they would be deprived of some of the most beautiful music in the world. . . . They have already lost the poetry of Heine. They all seem surprised that I appreciate Wagner—even more so when I talk of *Freda Leider*, *Beckelmann*, *Melchior*, and *Furtwangler*, and they ask me if I have been to Bayreuth. I tell them unfortunately I have not been there, but have learned to appreciate Wagner at Covent Garden.

From poetry and music we get

on to the subject of culture. It is agreed that we all appreciate it. I say that, although I love it, I don't know exactly what it is. I have spent a month in Russia and heard the word used more frequently there than in any other country I have been to, but I never saw a sign of what I should call culture. I have come to the conclusion that culture must be the refinement of feeling expressed in thought. The chief Kommandant says that does not cover the whole field of culture; I have left our knowledge. But knowledge by itself, I say, does not necessarily mean culture. There is a general argument, and we decide that culture is knowledge, love of learning, and refinement of thought. I say I do not find culture compatible with war, to which the chief Kommandant replies that he enjoys culture, but believes in force. I must be looking at him in astonishment, for he adds, "Yes, I believe in force—but I regret it." I flatly contradict him. "You say you believe in force, *mein Herr*. *Mademoiselle Darby* and I are your prisoners of war, yet we are guests at your dinner-table; you surely must believe in evolution, because not so many hundreds of years ago we would have been thrown to your soldiers before we were sacrificed to your gods. Instead, here we are enjoying your hospitality." This momentarily stumps the chief Kommandant, but after a moment's reflection he tells me that it is only the outward form of force which has changed. The fact remains, and if anything is to be done in this world force is necessary. He regrets it, but it is

so. Curiously enough, this seems to be an opening to ask him if we could have a guard for to night. He promptly says "Yes," gives an order to the soldier waiting at table, and apologises for any inconvenience which we might have had last night. The *Nasty One* looks furious and says he does not believe we are ambulance drivers at all. Munitions drivers he thinks is nearer the mark. Darby and I hotly dispute with him.

The chief Kommandant thinks it's a pity that he cannot use us as divers, but explains that all the driving for the German Army is done by men. We ask him if we shall be released by the International Red Cross or exchanged for other prisoners of war? He tells us that in this war no prisoners are being exchanged. He thinks and hopes it possible that through the International Red Cross we may be sent to a neutral country. However, he says he can tell us very little, as the final decision of what is to become of us does not rest with him. I hope nevertheless he'll put in a good word for us. He says he will. He thinks the war will be over within a month, so in any case we shan't have long to wait before we reach home. He tells us in civil life he is a farmer; and he thinks that after the war the whole of Europe will be very poor indeed.

Behtol, he says, and many other of our poets have been extremely heavily bombed. I say I do not think England will capitulate: so that the war will be a short one. The chief Kommandant is about to launch upon a long argument when I realise the futility of dis-

cussing the war and prevent it by hastily apologising for having mentioned the subject.

The party breaks up at twelve—we arrived at 7.30, and the hours have slipped pleasantly by. We are escorted back to the barracks by the three officers. It is a brilliant moon light night, which shows up the beauty of the old cathedral.

Except for ourselves, the streets are entirely deserted. The officers take us up to our bedroom; there is much clicking of heels and bowing and "Gute Nacht." A soldier, with a candle stuck in a bottle, stands to attention at the top of the stairs; he is our guard for the night. We have enjoyed the evening, and Darby and I come to the conclusion that nothing would ever surprise us any more. But I am certain that the farther away we get from the German Army the less of glamour girls we shall be. I can quite see that as the only two English women we are of great interest to them, but as a couple of prisoners of war in some concentration camp in the heart of Germany we shall be units in a very motley crowd. Darby wonders what our earth will become of us; I say it is no use thinking about it at all; one just doesn't and can't know.

After the ordeal of solitary confinement in the grim Paris prison of *Cherche-Midi*, Miss Myers and Miss Darby were taken to *Fresnes* with a batch of unhappy, nervous, distressed women from whom there was no getting away. Such close quarters and total lack of privacy were almost worse than the terrible loneliness of *Cherche-Midi*.

The prison of Fresnes is near Fontainebleau; I believe it may have improved since I was there, but our arrival would have made a good prelude to Dante's Inferno. We were led to a washroom and told to leave our bundles there while the water for our showers was being heated. The attendant told us we were allowed those showers once a month. We were then taken across the passage to the room where prisoners were allowed to see visitors; it was divided by wire meshing, which formed a narrow corridor down the centre of the room. The prisoners were always kept in this narrow corridor while talking to their friends. As there were so many of us, we were separated into two groups each side of the netted partition, through which we could see each other and speak.

The attendant of this section of the prison was unique. Had she been portrayed in any play, one's first reaction would be that she was hopelessly overdrawn; if Europe had been searched for the hardest, most brutal-minded woman to be put in charge, a better choice could not have been made. My dealings with her were perfunctory, so I do not know whether under that granite-like exterior lay a heart of gold, silver, or stone.

Darby was my side of the room, Schiaparelli was confronting Collette, who was in tears, the Brisk Western was consoling the Sly One, who had completely broken down, Zeta the Polish woman was still sobbing and withering in pain—she had acute appendicitis. Zeta was in prison because she had dis-

missed her cook, who had since borne a grudge against her and had reported to the Germans that her mistress's behaviour was suspicious. There was no specific charge yet against Zeta. The little Mouse sat against the wall, silent as usual. Carmen Moray was sniffing around like a dog; on the other side of the wire partition Louise, Jeanne, and Marie, the magnificent Polish women, were quite calm; everyone else was in tears.

My nerves were on edge, and I let Carmen Moray hold my attention on her pet subject—herself. She told me that for many years she had lived in Berlin with her German fiancé. I gathered they had both carried on espionage for the Germans. Then they were both arrested, and after two years' imprisonment and trials were both condemned to death. "My fiancé was shot. The Germans entered the town the next day and released me."

Carmen insisted that the war would soon be over; Germany had in good as won, and the King with our Royal Family were in Canada. She indicated me to such a pitch that I found myself screaming at her. Darby said: "Myers, I must talk with you for a minute." Louise had made an urgent excuse, and persuaded one of the aunts to unlock the doors; she had whispered a few hurried words to Darby: "Tell Bossy, Carmen Moray is only baiting her; she must not take the slightest notice."

I took Louise's advice and talked with the little Mouse, who seemed very lonely in her isolated

silence. There had been some discussion among us as to whether it would be better to be guarded by soldiers or nuns; opinions were divided, and I asked the Mouse what she thought.

"I am not religious," she said. "So you don't mind, then?"

The Mouse surprised me by becoming quite voluble, and in a short while I had heard much about her life. She had married very young, and had adored her daughter, an only child. The marriage had been very unhappy, for her husband had a distorted mind, but she remained with him, since she did not want to be parted from her child. By the time the girl was thirteen she had been completely turned by him against her mother, to whom she would not speak; then the girl became consumptive and was sent to a nursing home. The Mouse never saw her daughter again. She would neither see her mother nor write; the father was in complete control. When the Mouse wrote inquiring how her daughter was, the girl replied in a brief note, beginning "*Chère Madame*." During the time she was ill the correspondence between them was brief, and the Mouse told me from then onward she always addressed her daughter as *Mademoiselle*.

"And is the breach healed now?"

"No, she never wanted to see me. My husband had entirely poisoned her mind."

"You never can tell; perhaps she'll be touched when you come out of prison."

"She died of consumption six months ago." The Mouse again

sank into herself.

Schiaparelli had somehow managed to bring with her a bottle of rum, and was offering it round; alcohol never tasted better. We were all smoking like chimneys, so we had been told that all our paltry possessions would be taken from us. We did not mind temporarily losing our clothes, as when they had been fumigated they would be returned to us.

In groups of six we were taken to the washroom for our showers, prison clothes were handed out, and we were then sent back to the visitors' room and six more were sent along. The Petite Parisienne, who was fair, pretty, and chic, was among the first to return; she made us laugh, for she looked like a peacock shorn of its feathers. She assured us that the underclothes were finer than the dress; to prove it she took off her knickers. The pattern belonged to some past epoch; each leg was about two yards wide, and the fallings gathered in at the waist with a piece of tape. The chemise had no shape at all and was equally wide. Both garments were of the coarsest calico. The stockings were of thick wool, hand-knitted, and came up to the knee, but, as there was nothing to hold them, they fell in folds round our ankles. The dress was made of heavy blue and white striped cotton damask. The bodice had short sleeves and a square neck; the skirt was voluminous; it was gathered in at the waist and reached to the ankles. Carpet slippers completed the outfit.

The Petite Parisienne, like the Mouse, was in prison for saying

role Becker. She had heard from her husband that he was to be demobilized, and had returned to Paris to get their flat ready. While waiting for a train at the Metro two German officers complimented her on her attractive appearance.

She had replied, "Sole Becker." She was arrested on the spot, and had been unable to leave a note for her husband to tell him where she was.

—From the author's book "Captured."

## Coneyac



When I was a captain commanding a battery of field artillery in France during the World War one of my old soldiers because very attached to a little French corporal he picked up. He named him Coneyac—pronounced, soldier-fashion, Coney-as.

Then, one evening, we marched down to the dock at Havre to board the naval transport for home. About midnight Coneyac's soldier came to me with tears in his eyes. "Sir," he said, "they won't let Coneyac aboard because he hasn't got a health certificate. Please, sir, can't you do something?"

I told the boy I'd try to think up something and, finally, I had an idea. I had remembered one regimental band—had blown a month's pay on music the bandmaster wanted and, as a result, that band practically belonged to me. So I told the bandmaster: "When the band goes aboard I want it to go up the gangplank with its instruments assembled, down on the deck and play 'Home, Sweet Home.' My battery will furnish a detail to bring the band instrument cases aboard."

He asked no questions. And Coneyac went aboard in the band-drum case!

He went ashore at Hoboken the same way. All went well and the drum case was loaded on a baggage truck very quickly. Also Coneyac's maver was detailed to ride on the same truck with the battery accords and guard them—and, incidentally, keep Coneyac quiet! At Camp Merritt, New Jersey, Coneyac emerged at last into the air of freedom. And, when we got back to San Francisco, Coneyac, at the end of a long string tied to his mother's belt, practically towed that soldier up Market Street.

About ten years later, I received a letter from the soldier. As nearly as I can remember, it was like this:

"Dear Captain: Coneyac has gone West. My children feel as badly about it as I do because he used to take them to school and call for them in the afternoons. He was the best known dog in this county and until this year never failed to march in the Memorial Day parade. He was buried with full military honors under the auspices of my Post of the American Legion. I enclose a newspaper clipping."

So Coneyac achieved publicity. The clipping was brief and dignified, however. It merely recorded the passing of Leonardine Coneyac, formerly a member of Battery A, 140th Field Artillery, a native of Pleasant, France.—Peter B. Evans, in *This Week*, U.S.A.

Europe, when the dust settles, should be a live territory for the four-to-five brass salesman, assuming there is a dear.

—Detroit News, U.S.A.



"Why, Mother Neph, you're looking younger every day."

# GO STRAIGHT YOUNG MAN

CHANNING POLLOCK

*Sharp penitents pass easy, quick rewards,  
but not for him, as the author relates—*

There's some peculiar kink in the mentality of the crook . . . some quirk that makes a dollar dishonestly acquired far more desirable than double the amount come by legitimately.

The other day, while buried deep in a newspaper story of a park planned for New York, I stumbled across a curious item: Many years ago, Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, whose murder was a metropolitan sensation in 1928, acquired several hundred acres of swamp-land which he expected to sell to the city. On this land he erected a number of houses, not to be lived in, but as an excuse for boosting his price. The dilapidated buildings were set upon posts that, in turn, were set upon a few bricks, because digging postholes would have been more expensive.

The proposed sale wasn't made, and eventually New York took over the property for unpaid taxes. Working on drainage, municipal engineers unearthed peat moss, the humus used in gardening and agriculture. The peat moss brought more than half a million dollars. If Rothstein had devoted a fractional part of the ingenuity and industry of his attempted swindle to digging one honest posthole for one honest house, he would have

made many times the profit he failed to make by fraud.

There are five million criminals in the United States, who cost the U.S.A. fifteen billion dollars a year—but that doesn't include the cost to the criminals. I know a confidence man to whom I once demonstrated this with his own figures. Unusually intelligent and capable, at the age of seventy my friend finds himself destitute. I asked him, "Do you think you could have averaged £8 a week in a trade or profession? If so, the time you have spent in various lock-ups has cost you nearly £10,000—not counting what you've spent trying to keep out of them."

What's wrong in his mind, and in the minds of the far greater number of men and women who aren't criminals—who don't even think of themselves as crooked but who do "chisel" a bit—is the belief that they can "get away with it," the mistaken idea that it "gets them" something. Several years ago, inspectors from a New York bureau of weights and measures made surprise calls on 200 small butchers and grocers, and caught considerably more than half of them cheating. There was little publicity, and all the culprits were let off with a warning, but four of

them had shops in my neighborhood; a dozen months later I went in search of those shops. Three had disappeared, and the fourth merchant, a delicatessen dealer, told me, "Business is rotten." But the delicatessen man on the next corner had just doubled the size of his place.

Almost no one in our vicinity ever knew that these tradesmen were cheated, certainly no one remembered it. But the professor who lives across the hall from me complained that the chap whose "business is rotten" had a trick of doing mental arithmetic to his own advantage. "I get tired of it, and quit trading there," the professor said. Also, he mentioned his wariness and discretion to other people in our building, and they stopped. The tricky mental arithmetic may have given this dealer an extra ten shillings a week; it cost him many times that. Nobody can "get away with it," and it "never got anybody anything." That goes for every chicanery from flogging a few postage stamps to padding a million pound payroll. A friend of mine had employed a neighboring nurseryman to care for his summer residence during his absence. Last spring, he received a bill for two gardeners working, we'll say, April 21 and 22. It just happened that those were peculiarly warm days, and my friend had spent them on his little estate. The gardeners hadn't. The nurseryman was "in" £3 and "out" my friend's business, which amounted to about £100 a year.

An insurance company drove a sharp bargain with another friend

whose car had been wrecked by a drunken driver. It was a modest car, and my friend is very moderately prosperous, but his best friend owned a wholesale business that operated sixty-four trucks, all insured by the sharp-dealing company. My friend just happened to mention his experience to his friend, and now the sixty-four trucks pay premiums to another company.

On the other hand, only last week the head of a big tailoring establishment in Canada told me he owed his start to an American who, twenty years ago, ordered a suit to be finished for wearing back to New York. It wasn't, and the purchaser had to pay customs duties in consequence; so the tailor voluntarily remitted them when the bill was paid. "Every second American customer tells me that story," the tailor related, "and adds, 'That's why I came to you.'"

Our time I had Christmas dinner with the inmates of a penitentiary. One of them I had known as the secretary of a famous theatrical producer told me a story he had heard from a fellow convict. This chap and another habitual criminal had become interested in a new comer—a lad whose career of petty offenses hadn't yet hardened his face or robbed him of a certain charm. "When you've served your time," they instructed the boy, "go to a small town, start a small shop and earn a reputation for strict honesty. Learn book-keeping in square dealing, pay your bills the minute they're due, and make everybody like and trust you. We'll provide the money, and when we're through here, we'll

call and tell you what to do next.

In a little city in northern New York, the plot succeeded beyond the fondest hopes of its originators. When they emerged from prison, they found their protégé in public office and in control of the county's finances. Seeing fortune within their grasp, they visited his impressive parents to divulge the second half of their scheme. The young man heard them out, and said, "Sorry, fellows, I've been

honest five years, and I like it. I like being liked, and respected, and feeling a hand on my shoulder without wondering whether it's a cop's. What's more, I've got more money now than I ever saw before. Here's the cash you advanced, start a shop somewhere, lean backward in square dealing, and if anybody calls to tell you what to do next, I miss my guess if you don't tell him where to go."—*The Week*, U.S.A.



## Long Odds

Oh yes, we have a daily paper in Tobruk. It is called the *Tobruk Press*, and carries the challenging motto: "Always Appraisé." It is a one-man paper, being edited and produced by a young Australian, Sergeant Williams, who was a newspaper worker before the war. Twice a day he sits in his office in Tobruk, Sergeant Williams takes a shorthand note of the B.N.C. news and runs off 400 copies on a mimeograph machine.

In addition to this garrison paper a number of the battalions publish their own daily news sheets. One of these is called *Mad and Blood*. On one side appears a summary of world news, on the other battalions news and views, with a curious hitting off of the Colonel or the Doc or the Padre, or anyone who irritates the writer's notice. In one copy before me the cartoon depicts an Italian surrendering to an Aussie "Don't kill me!" cries the Italian, "Tell you, he—" replies the Aussie "You mean about 100 tons to me."

This joke is explained by the fact that the battalions are now running a sea-sweeper competition. Connecting them, *Mad and Blood* says: "The competition is not confined to dems, but comprises all kinds of vessels, and a table of comparative values is given hereunder:

"One bag equals three dems, one rat, ten dems; one grundle 100 dems, one Italian prisoner, 500 dems, plus all dems found on him.

"We think it reasonable," adds *Mad and Blood* "that 100 dems are allowed for one grundle and only 500 for an Italian since Italians are much faster of foot than grundles and consequently harder to catch."

A later issue of *Mad and Blood* refers to the capture of three very small Italian B.N. Comps: "Surely B. Company are not going to be credited with 100 dems for this lot? They should have been tossed back as being underdone."—*Williams' Foreword*, in *The News Chronicle*, London.

High heels were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.—*Christopher Morley*.

# SAILING E-BOAT ALLEY

TREVOR HENLEY

*About a steady Corvette dispatching a convoy  
and the "graveyard" of British ships*

"E-boat alley." "The Graveyard" . . . they do not often figure in the news, for the Atlantic holds the headlines where our convoys are concerned. Yet, day after day, in fair weather and in foul, fleets of merchant ships stream up and down the East coast of England, escorted to their appointed ports by ships of the Royal Navy. The hunting bomber, the menacing mine, the hurrying E-Boat, the bustling North Sea gale, are foes which seldom let up. But the convoys keep on. . . .

Come with me on board H.M.S. *Blank*, as we must call her, sailing from an East Coast port to meet a north-bound convoy. Classed as a corvette, though larger than most ships of that type, she is yet less than half the tonnage of a modern destroyer and only about three times the width of a motor bus. In this little ship, her deck only five feet above the water line, are crammed over ninety officers and men. But, small though she is, this fox-terrier of the seas has a ferocious set of teeth, about which you shall hear.

Presently the convoy comes into view ahead of us, a long line of some forty vessels spaced irregu-

larly, and mostly towing harragee hulls. In their van is a destroyer and on either side are more ships of war. A signal lamp flashes from the leader, instructing us to take up position on the side furthest out to sea—the side from which come the E-boats with their deadly tin fish.

On we go, through the "Graveyard." No need to ask the reason why this particular arm of water bears such a name. The wrecks of many ancient vessels—mostly victims of the earlier days of the war—are grimly self-explanatory. Our speed is the pace of the slowest ship in the convoy. Those on the corvette accept this comparative snail's pace philosophically, although the chief engineer must often yearn for more opportunity to show what his engines are capable of.

Her official top speed is twenty-one knots, but the engineer officer probably has two or three more up his sleeve in case of emergency. He has that love of his engines traditional to his calling. A lean, keen-eyed man, your first impression of him is that he is pretty tough. He doubtless is when occasion demands, but when the ship's cat had kittens, the "Chief" slept for two nights on

the floor of his cabin so that she could amuse motherhood in comfort—on his bunk!

Like all British sailors, the crew love animals, and they have plenty of opportunity to indulge their affection, for besides the cat and her kittens there is Hoppy, a dog so called from his peculiar gait. Hoppy has his net of runs regularly every night and when in port is given brown ale. A fussy drinker, Hoppy, for a while he will accept no other drink but this—and at that he will take it from no other container than a pint glass.

Then there is Susan and her four pups. The sole survivor of a bombed house, she jumps in fear every time she hears a bang. But she is a patient creature and made no complaints when, the cat having acquired other interests during a shore trip and turned against her offspring, she was called upon to suckle the kittens as well.

A forty-mile-an-hour gale is blowing now, and how the ship rolls. At times her deck slopes forty degrees and more off the horizon. Chairs, books and any other object not made fast roll from side to side of the ward room and to make one's way up on deck and on to the bridge is an adventure fraught with the danger of a cracked head or broken bones if you don't take proper care . . . but never a wave breaks over the bows of the superbly built little vessel. She rides them like a duck.

Well built? Why, when the the early days of the war a mine

exploded against her amidships, they towed her into port, her two ends held together by no more than her deck. They rebirth her—and here she is.

Darkness falls, but the pale—and the convoy—keep on. There is no moon, the clouds are low, it is so dark that from the bridge you cannot see the muzzle of the four-inch gun fifteen feet away. No lights are shown. On one side of the convoy are shoals and the mainland, on the other a mine-field. Between them, some forty to fifty ships, close together, the wind and the waves and the tide making the steering of a straight course an achievement of the highest skill.

To a landsman, it seems long odds on some of the ships running aground, or into one another or fouling a mine. Yet, when a rally down comes, there they all are, some of the cargo steamers a bit out of position (there are two fast modern ones cracking on all speed, well in front of the others and signalling "How far are we behind the convoy?" though as the first lieutenant grudgingly comments, "Knowing damn well that they are miles in front!")

How has the convoy kept together? There are certain devices aiding the cats' eyes, skilful navigation and sixth sense of the officers of the watch. One is the fog buoy, towed by the cargo vessels and throwing up foam and jets of water. The skipper of a following vessel who keeps his line and in no danger of running into the bows close to this knows that he is in stern of the leader.

Never has history crowded upon us so swiftly, so urgently. Its record is ours for the writing. With courage, but not without suffering, we shall win through.



Another device is the hydrophone which reveals the depth of water beneath the ship's bottom.

Dawnlight—and the sea still running mountain high. But came the gale though we did, it had given us a quiet night through "Eboat Alley," so called because it is the sea in which Hitler's motor torpedo boats most frequently attack. With a speed of forty-five knots they are difficult customers to cope with, but they cannot operate in rough weather, for their thin hulls cave in easily. One of their favourite tricks in calm periods is to tie up to buoys after dark, wait for a convoy to come along and then dash in, launch their "vis fish" and dart off again.

There are stabbly climes aboard now for on these cramped little ships, rolling and pitching in all directions, shaving is a near impossibility and even washing an undertaking to be approached with diffidence. Collars and ties, too, are absent (the bigger the ship the stricter the discipline is a general rule). Every man sleeps in his clothes at sea. When anything may happen at any time there can be no question of doffing pyjamas and struggling into trousers before an attack comes.

Such an incident occurs just before dark one evening. Suddenly bells ring all over the ship, "Action stations!" Every man not on watch dashes to his appointed duty. Out of the low ceiling of clouds comes a Nazi plane. No time to aim the four-inch gun, but our smaller ones spit streams of death. Dozens of rounds of tra-

cer can be seen to enter the body of the enemy machine. On fire, she loses height, and as she nears a destroyer the latter administers the coup de grace. The plane hits the sea, bounces once, a mass of fire, and is gone. There are no survivors.

One of the gunners was at Narvik. He told me that he saw German planes drop incendiary bombs amongst our men struggling in oil-covered water. "It never worries me what kind of an end a Jerry comes to after that," he says, tight-lipped.

The convoy seems on.

Our job with her is done. Other vessels from a more northerly port have taken over and we turn and escort a south bound convoy. The Guntery Officer is on the bridge now, taking his trick as officer of the watch. Our own "Guns" is sick and we have borrowed this officer from another ship. One afternoon, no dog suddenly drops on us the captain remarks pointedly, but with a smile.

"There's a jump on board this ship but I'm not sure who it is."

"Guns" grins. "I'll see you for it," he says to me.

The other two officers of the watch are the First Lieutenant and the Pilot. The captain has no set watches, but when there is difficult weather or any matter of unusual importance is afloat he is there, sometimes for twelve hours or more at a time. He knows his job, does the Commanding Officer. He got an O.B.E. for rescuing a considerable number of survivors in a sea so wild that larger vessels put back to

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port with their mission of mercy unaccomplished.

Seldom far from the bridge, he sleeps in the chart room just below it, where the navigator pores over his charts, marking the positions of newly placed buoys, wrecks and other things. On the accuracy of his calculations the safety of the ship depends. The only officer I have not mentioned is the midshipman—known throughout the Navy as "Snooty." Nineteen years old, he has been torpedoed twice.

During the night a wave sweeps over the stern and, surging over the deck, floods the mess-deck, filling several hammocks with water. The men, packed like sardines, can be forgiven their heartful cries.

And on, on, straining steadily beside her previous charges, the Corvette nears the home port. Presently a destroyer draws abreast and signals that she is about to fire an acousting gun. She is not returning to port yet and we are to take her mail on board. The gun is fired and a thin line snakes over the intervening sea, falling across our stern. By means of it a souter one is hoisted aboard, its other end held by members of the destroyer's crew. Mailbags are attached and, while the two ships continue steaming abreast uninterrupted, they are hauled across the intervening space without touching the water.

There has been a casualty during the voyage, one which cast a gloom over the whole ship. Susan is missing. No one saw her go, but she was nearly always on deck,

on a surface often wet and slippery. A sudden roll, an unavailing scramble, a frantic beating of paws in the cold waters of "The Graveyard" . . .

Poor Susan! Poor uncomplaining mother and lesser mother! The Nazi bombers did not get you, but the North Sea did.

My loss—and what will probably prove to be my most lasting—memory of the ship is of a four-turn-stroke stoker bent over his hammock in the now-deserted fore-castle. Ted was a giant of a man, with a body hewn from solid granite.

He didn't notice me as, bag in hand, I looked into the fo'c'sle. I'm glad he didn't because Ted was the type of man who would have suffered agonies of embarrassment at the thought that somebody had seen him—him of all people—uttering queer crooning sounds as he gently fed with an improvised feeding bottle, the pups and kittens that nestled in his hammock.

Remembering Ted—and how he had so readily adopted the lost Susan's charges—I wondered, if, by good fortune, anybody will "adopt" Ted and his nursery ship-mates. The corvette is not one of those ships which have been adopted by the town whose name she bears, for her name is that of a small sea-bird. Adoption, with its friendly letters, its gifts of warm socks and mittens and underclothing, and so on, means a lot to those uncomplaining men who have chosen to go down to the sea in ships.

—Everybody's Weekly, London.



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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

**JANUARY 20:** In Malaya the efficient, fertile Japanese were going great guns, had, aided by a mixture of native fifth columny and blitz methods forced Imperial troops to within about 50 or 60 miles of Singapore. From Washington, President Roosevelt announced that he was streaming aid to the whole south-west Pacific as fast as ships could pack and leave. In the Macassar Strait, Allied naval and air forces were still dinking it out to a great Japanese invasion fleet.

**JANUARY 29:** Singapore Island was getting ready to defend itself; British forces were still being pushed back. Still in progress was the battle in Macassar Strait; upwards of a third of the enemy ships had been destroyed or damaged. In London's fusty House of Commons a confidence-vote for Prime Minister Churchill went through; the voting: 464 to one, a significant 150 refrained from voting.

**JANUARY 30:** Imperial forces were still retreating, were within 18 miles of the Singapore-Johore Causeway. In Russia, Red troops were pushing on fiercely, showed no signs of letting up. In Libya Benghazi fell once more to the enemy.

**JANUARY 31:** From the Mainland to Singapore Island Imperial troops had withdrawn, had blown

up the causeway. On the Bataan Peninsula General MacArthur and his men still held out grimly, defiantly.

**FEBRUARY 1:** Onto Ambona Island, 650 air miles from Darwin, streamed the Japanese. On Singapore, British forces were preparing defences. Over New Guinea, with bomb-laden bellies, came Japanese 'planes to strike at Bulolo, Salamaua, Wau.

**FEBRUARY 2:** To blast Japanese bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands went a huge U.S. naval force, inflicting no little damage on shore installation, naval vessels, etc.

**FEBRUARY 3:** Down onto Sourabaya rained Japanese bombs in a concentrated attack, causing considerable damage. Singapore was suffering many an air-attack. In the Macassar Strait, Japan's convoy was still being systematically plastered. In Burma the Japanese were still making progress; in Libya the Germans were making progress.

**FEBRUARY 4:** To his fighting men in Singapore, General Sir Archibald Wavell issued a No Retreat order, told them to hang on until reinforcements arrived. To date there had been no change.

**FEBRUARY 5:** According to reconnaissance the Japanese were getting ready to attack Singapore Island. For Sourabaya: a second Japanese air attack. In Burma and Libya: more enemy advances. In Russia: a continued, unrelenting Russian drive which gave the invaders no rest.

**FEBRUARY 6:** Across the Johore Strait British and Japanese guns

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blazed away at each other; meantime Singapore was getting it hot and strong from enemy planes, had small chance of hitting back.

**FEBRUARY 7:** Bombing, blizzing, blazing was being intensified around Singapore, apparently in preparation for a land attack. Russia was still pushing away happily at the retreating Germans; Germany, in Libya, was still pushing away at the retreating British.

**FEBRUARY 8:** Ono Pulau Ubin Island in the Johore Straits went the busy little Japanese; meantime, Singapore naval base was being stripped, was now no further use. Over Rangoon, bombing confidently came 30 Japanese bombers; they proved to be over-confident, lost at least ten destroyed, another ten damaged.

**FEBRUARY 8:** Ono Singapore Island flooded the wily Japanese, using iron-clad invasion barges. They landed on the north and north-west coast; according to Tokyo, they had also repaired the causeway.

**FEBRUARY 10:** In Australia, a slashing, pounding Labor Government pegged wages, prices, profits with one clamp. In Singapore there seemed little prospect of holding the Japanese; Imperial troops were falling swiftly back. In Sumatra, Palembang (great oil centre) was bombed, the bombers taking great care not to hit wells or refineries.

**FEBRUARY 11:** British troops were temporarily holding the Japanese on Singapore; on the city's outskirts there was fighting. Meantime the Russians were still progressing steadily.

**FEBRUARY 12:** Singapore's defenders were still holding on grimly, still falling back, still refusing Japanese surrender-ultimatums. In Burma the British were falling back, had left Martaban in Japanese hands. In the Philippines: a lull.

**FEBRUARY 13:** Out from Brent and up through the English channel swept Germany's *Scharnhorst*, *Grafenau*, and *Prinz Eugen*, to escape poetically unscathed from British bombing. There was little fresh news from Singapore, few details of any kind.

**FEBRUARY 14:** In Java, awaiting attack, were Australian and American troops, together with about 100,000 Dutch and native troops. There seemed little hope for Singapore, little chance of the fight lasting much longer. In Britain there was considerable teeth-grinding over the escape of Germany's battleships up the Channel.

**FEBRUARY 15:** From Peiminkier Churchill came the news that everyone had been expecting: Singapore had fallen. He spoke soothing words, but the shock was greater than any words could soothe. Ono Sumatra poured the Japanese; first using paratroops then landing from transports. Up to flames, shot-quick went Palembang's refineries and wells, to the tune of about £50,000,000. In Burma the Japanese were advancing.

**FEBRUARY 16:** From Singapore ships were still arriving in Java with wounded, refugees, perhaps (Continued back to last-minute forms—Page 72)

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# BOOKS

## ... ROBUST

Of no small value to Australia is A. J. Marshall's new book *Australia Limited*, second contribution to Brian Penton's *Think—or Be Damned* series.

Fact is, Marshall has very little to say that is new; but the things he says can bear repeating, will have to be repeated over and over again a hundred times in a hundred ways before Australia's cockeyed administration and cock-eyed press will do anything at all about them.

Crusader Marshall, being a scientist, naturally puts much emphasis—and rightly—on the needs for science in plotting any course of progress for his and your country.

He has a number of personal grudges—which, perhaps, are particularized simply to illuminate the general—and a stinking bitter, smearing way of voicing them.

Fortunately, Marshall is still young enough to be enthusiastic. Like Penton, his heart is still strong enough to withstand the strain of attacking implacable brick walls of local apathy, political obstruction, popular thick-headedness, impenetrable disinterestedness.

If they live long enough, if they can gain the ears and the aid of some thousands of other young, vital reformers they might one day get something done.

But the youngsters who should

be supporting them with bloodshed if necessary—as they do in other lands—are interested only in erecting country privileges on loeries for their Vanity procession, sweating to get diplomas (which, usually, mean that they have memorized a certain amount of information).

There are few other young men who can help them (the old can't be bothered—they are too busy making money). A sprinkling of young, red-eyed journalists might join their ranks; but these, too, are hard-pushed; often they are bitter with disillusionment, cynical, apathetic before the gigantic hopelessness of trying to fight the sloth they see around them. They know that, even when (on rare occasions) they are permitted to write their fighting thoughts no one reads them, anyhow, or does anything more than shrug and turn to the society or racing pages.

These are a few of the minor obstacles these enthusiastic gentlemen will meet, and know they will meet.

Yet perhaps they will win through; perhaps, after we have been bashed around somewhat by the Japanese (emotionally or physically) for a couple of years we may have a different viewpoint, greater political consciousness, a more vital outlook. In that event the Australian Commonwealth will need all the Pentons and Marshalls it can find.

Marshall's foremost complaint: That most Australians know nothing about Australia, few know a little, practically no one knows anything worth while. "The con-

cept I want to punch home is that Australia is a dry arid continent—a second-rate lump of parched earth that will need all the brains, energy and guts at our disposal to make any sort of a success of it at all.

"The truth is that the Government has no comprehensive idea of the potentialities of this continent and it has no coherent policy of developing these potentialities of which it is vaguely aware."

## ... REALISM

Author Marshall wastes no sentiment.

Writes he: "Before I really settle down to my theme I'd better make it clear that I appreciate the many admirable qualities that we possess.

"I'm familiar with the amazing qualities of the Australian fighting soldier; I know of our individual initiative and ability to do well in a tight corner. I am appreciative of the fact that our death-rate is one of the lowest in the world, and that we were enlightened enough to give votes to women long before most other countries . . .

"But my job isn't to boost Australia. Plenty of others will do that—particularly your newspaper—all right and all day as long as you'll listen.

"The thing I want to do is point out clearly that we're not very wonderful at all; that in fact, we are a scruffy, wasteful, ignorant lot who are living in a fool's paradise that can't last forever."

The paradise Marshall paints subsequently is one that even a fool would not want to live in.

He runs through the whole calendar—Australian accent, sport, radio, students, wine, newspapers, censorship (literary and wartime), slang and all the rest of it.

"Said ex-Prime Minister Menzies on one occasion: 'I can't understand why Australians should so dislike their politicians.' Can Menzies have been serious.

"With the British Commonwealth at war with the most powerful and most ruthless foe in the world's history we find our political monkey-men pushing and scrambling in the Canberra monkey pit with all the enthusiasm and abandon of peace time. At a time when every ounce of co-operative ability we possess was needed we found the 'Honorable Members' heckling each other and cat-calling . . .

"I still get a hot flush whenever I think of Egon Kisch or Mrs. Freer. Since then there has been the mad incident when Joe Lyons (then Prime Minister) rebuffed distinguished visitor H. G. Wells for remarking that he considered Hitler a certifiable lunatic, and Mussolini a socialistic senile . . .

Next came the fantastic publicity when the Honorable Member for Northern Territory suggested that Bishop Burgess, one of Australia's few thoroughly intelligent clergymen, should be put into an internment camp . . .

"Of all the authors who have described the upstart, ambitious political or other tyrant I like Bacon's the best. He doth like the ape," says Bacon, "that, the higher he climbs, the more he shows his sn."

*Australia Limited* must be read—by you, you, and you . . .

# SHOWS

☆ ... DUMBO ☆

No other nation or community on earth, except the United States and Hollywood, in particular, of the United States, could sell visual baby-talk to the world.

That the world can roar its head off over the infantile openings of a Mickey Mouse, a Donald Duck, *et al* is something to make social workers, philosophers, *et al* weep and tear their nose too profuse hair.

To plague those litter-uppers now comes "Dumbo," another crackpot invention courtesy of Disney Studios.

If Disney's screenwriters applied itself to producing this kind of thing purely to entertain the young there would be little to say on the matter.

That it not only applies itself to entertaining the undeveloped adult population of the world is sufficient to drive good, developed adults to an early grave in the courtyard of a lunatic asylum.

Disney products (like astrology) have become so universally accepted that even *Time* finds itself drafting a full page of weighed, measured commentary to his stuff.

"Dreaming of further epics, Disney couldn't get interested in the little fellow (Dumbo). He tried to make a short out of him. At length he turned the little elephant over to one of his best writers, meekly, red-eyed Joe Grant, to see

what he could do. . ."

A tough proposition was Dumbo. He had everyone scared—like a Harbor Bridge, or a Colorado Dam. It is a gigantic project to produce a cartoon-animal. So:

"Able Director Ben Sharpsteen and his staff fretted over Dumbo's characterization and form, had about decided to give him a head shaped like a human's when Artist Vladimir ("Bill") Tytla asserted himself.

"Dick, ponderous Tytla is generally assigned to the 'henries,' created the devil-giant for *Fantasia's* Night on Bald Mountain. Since he was doing the big elephants, he had to draw a Dumbo stand-in for the sequence in which Mrs. Jumbo recovers her baby via stork."

Only grown-ups will be able to understand this sequence. Children above five usually know where babies come from, often wonder what the hell baby-carrying storks signify. Adults, however, are so much out of touch with the process of baby-bearing that they probably believe the stork story.

Said "dark, ponderous Tytla," the genius who put Dumbo on his feet and in the public's lap: "I gave him everything I thought he should have. It just happened. . ."—the true, modest explanation of a genius.

"I don't know a damn thing about elephants. It wasn't that. I was thinking in terms of humans, and I saw a chance to do a character without using any cheap theatrics."

God help the humans.

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# POTPOURRI



## \*\*\* LABOR CORPS

The role of the honey bee as a pollen carrier and fertiliser of flowers has long been known to science, but it was only recently that it was discovered that honey bees can be put to work pollinating one particular crop. The discovery was made by an agricultural scientist in Russia and is now being tried out in the United States. Already on Russian farms bees are being put to work just as domestic animals are worked. The bees can be made to pollinate any particular crop the farmer wishes them to. This is possible, because in gathering honey the bee does not like to "mix his flavors."

The Russian scientist who started it all discovered that when the bee becomes accustomed to one type of flower syrup it does not like to change flavors. Therefore if the bees are getting syrup from a clover field they will neglect the flowers of a barley field even when the barley is much closer to the hive than the clover is. It was discovered that the bees would go miles from home to get the syrup of a flower they were accustomed to.

To overcome this, the scientist collected syrup from a barley field and fed it to the bees in the hive until they became accustomed to the flavor. Then, when the bees were let out, they went to work in

the barley field, collecting syrup and at the same time pollinating the flowers so thoroughly that the field yielded a much larger crop than it would have if the pollinating had been left to the wind. When the experiment proved successful with barley it was tried with other cereal plants. Now, by feeding bees the syrup of one particular plant for a few days, the farmer can be sure that a field of that plant will be perfectly pollinated.

There are many different kinds of flowers in California, yet in that State a vast number of bees collect only the syrup of the orange blossom, making it possible for California apiculturists to market a deliciously flavoured orange blossom honey. Texas produces a cotton blossom honey. Montana sage honey, and in New York State there is a producer who markets honey from the blossoms of raspberries.—*Walter E. Taylor in World Digest, London.*

## \*\*\* SHIP NAMES

The second-hand names of British warships, such as those which took part in the engagement with the German battleship *Bismarck*, are assigned at more or less systematically, although the rules of selection are not too closely adhered to as those governing the designation of American war craft (battleships



GET us, now, readers, have to "think twice" before we tell the butcher what we want. We must have meat—but, oh those prices! Pyrex, however, solves the problem, enables you to prepare mouth-watering meat dishes from cheaper cuts. You see—Pyrex cooking extracts the last ounce of flavour and food value from every form of meat (and the cheaper cuts are just as nourishing as the more expensive ones). Nothing is lost. That is why Agave Pyrex is such an excellent wasteless investment. And it isn't only a matter of economy, either. Food cooked and served in Pyrex is the sign of a hostess who "knows the right thing." Think it over!

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named after States; heavy cruisers after capital cities, etc.).

The British like, first of all, to perpetuate the names of earlier warships. For instance, aircraft carriers are generally named to end in "ous" — Courageous, Glorious, Illustrious, etc. But the carrier Ark Royal broke away from the system to carry on a name first used in 1587.

British battleships are named for royal personages and battle cruisers are usually named after illustrious sea fighters, like Hood, Rodney and Nelson. Cruisers are mostly named for towns and counties; submarines for marine monsters.

One type of destroyer is known as the tribal class—Sith, Comack, Zulu, etc. In the World War the Zulu lost her stern and the Nabian lost most of her bow. The two parts were salvaged and fitted together and H.M.S. Zubian resulted. One series of names was said to have been started when an admiral's eye fell upon his seed catalogue at a time when he was searching for suggestions. Hence the vessels named for flowers.

—*World Digest, U.S.d.*

#### • • • SOME POETS ARE PROSPEROUS

This story is about a man who must be nameless. He tips the scales at 240. One day, he phoned Pan American Airways to ask if there was any chance of a seat on the China Clipper leaving the next day. He explained that he was a poet and that he wanted to get to the Orient as a hurry. Pan American said they could manage

one more if his luggage followed by boat.

But when he reached the airport, his elation turned to dismay. "The ship would be overweight if it took you," the officials said, after one look at him. "We said there'd be a place for you because we thought all poets were thin little fellows!"

But the story has a happy ending. Touched by his disappointment, two fellow travellers, newly-weds, offered to let their luggage follow too. Our rotund poet and his two good Samaritans landed with nothing much in the way of luggage but three toothbrushes.

#### • • • HE GOT THE BIRD

Amusing stories are being told of the sale of Sanger's Circus. I heard of a man who went to the auction intent upon buying a particular parrot, the grandest of all. Bidding mounted surprisingly, and the parrot was "knocked down" to him at £35—more money than he had in his pocket.

So the buyer went to the auctioneer asking if a cheque would be accepted. The answer was "Yes," and while writing the cheque the man asked, "I suppose the bird talks?"

"Oh yes," said the auctioneer. "He's been bidding against you for 20 minutes."

—*The Star, London.*

#### • • • TIME CHANGES ALL

The London County Council has decided that in its services the words "Public Assistance" should disappear and be replaced by the designation "Social Welfare." As Chairman of that august body it

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would not be becoming on my part to make any comments upon the desirability or otherwise of this decision, but, as I have been an interested observer for some time of the changes in nomenclature which represent a change in public opinion and attitude, I may be permitted to give some examples.

Government departments, so often considered lacking in humanity, have been foremost in this matter and have given the lead to charitable and philanthropic organisations. Over twenty years have passed since the Local Government Board changed its name to Ministry of Health. The Mental Treatment Act of 1930 introduced many changes. The Lunacy Commissioners are less conspicuous but not less important as the Board of Control, the Lunatic Asylum has become a Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders—generally shortened to Mental Hospital—and its inmates are mental patients. The criminal lunatic is a moral defective or State mental patient. The more notorious of the London County Council mental hospitals have been given surly names.

The reform of the Poor Law in 1929 brought numerous changes of designation. The Workhouse is no longer Union or Workhouse but the Institution. The pauper does not exist but is a rate-aided person. (In the St. Marylebone Institution there is a brass plate bearing the date, MDCCCLXXV, which states that the building is "for the poor being lame, impotent, old and blind.") We no longer have idiots, but retarded children; the

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industrial school is now an approved school, and I understand that the word imprisonment is to be softened to "corrective training and preventive detention."

The Labour's Friend Society, founded in 1842 by Edwin Chadwick, has changed its name once to the Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes, but seems ripe for another change. This may be said of other bodies, such as the Metropolitan Association for the Improvement of Dwellings of the Industrial Classes, and the British Home and Hospital for Incurables. The name "Homes for Fallen Girls" has a harsher sound than one I discovered in a book in the London County Council Library, dated 1770, and entitled:

*Magdalen Hospital for the Reception of Penitent Prostitutes together with Dr. Dudd's Sermons in which are added The Advice to*

*the Magdalens with the Psalter, Prayers, Rules and List of Subscribers.*

That a tendency towards euphemism is not limited to this country I discovered when, in Lille a few years ago, I saw the indication "*Boisage municipale*." Scrutinizing a valuable discovery, I interviewed the manager, only to find that I was in the municipal pawnshop! I conclude with an example perhaps outside the scope of this article, but which may be regarded as an *Aureo L'oeuvre*. In fact, it concerns that word. Last year the Restaurants Association of America offered a considerable prize for a plain English substitute for the French menu term. The winning effort was "apitoid," but it does not seem to have reached this country up to the present.

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